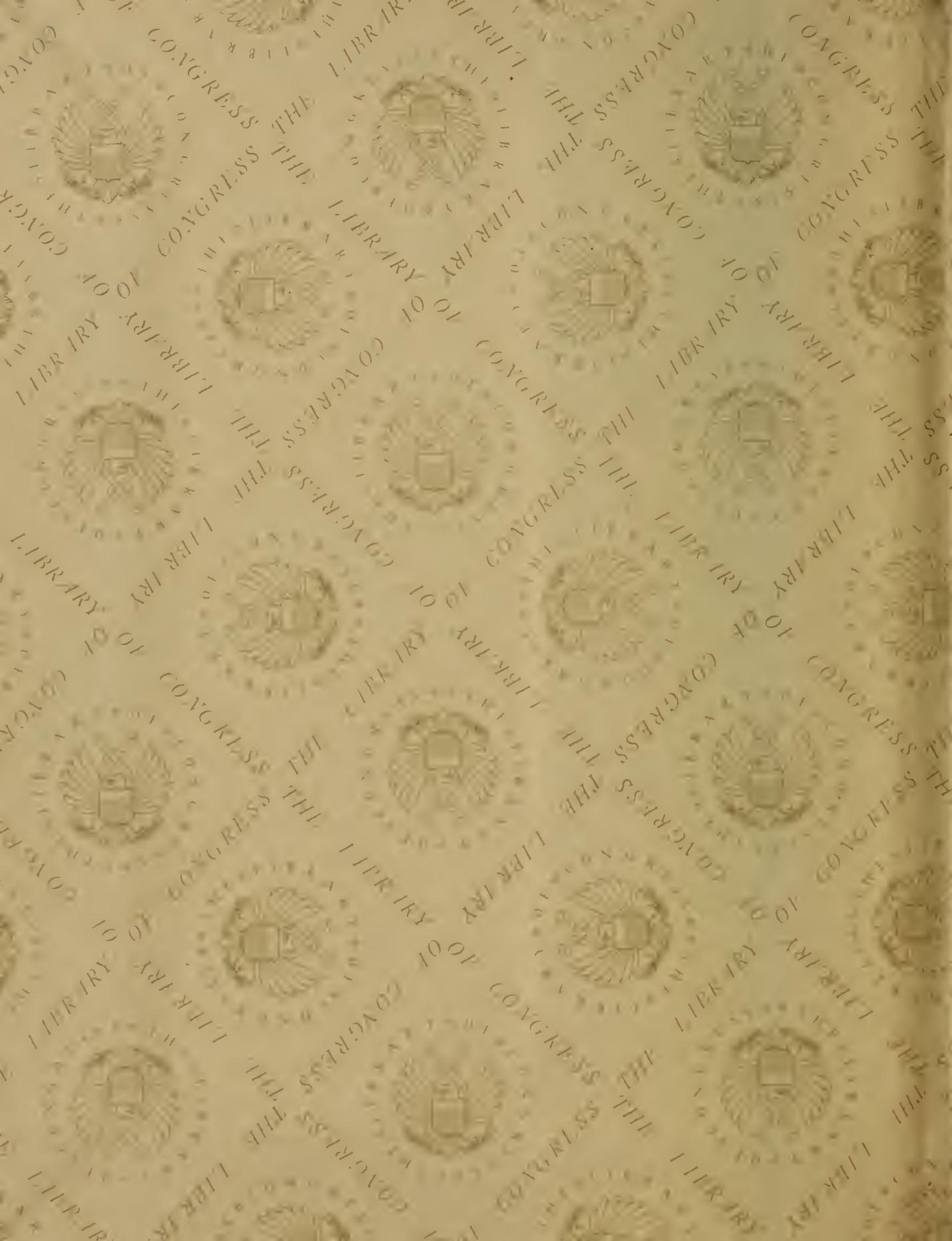
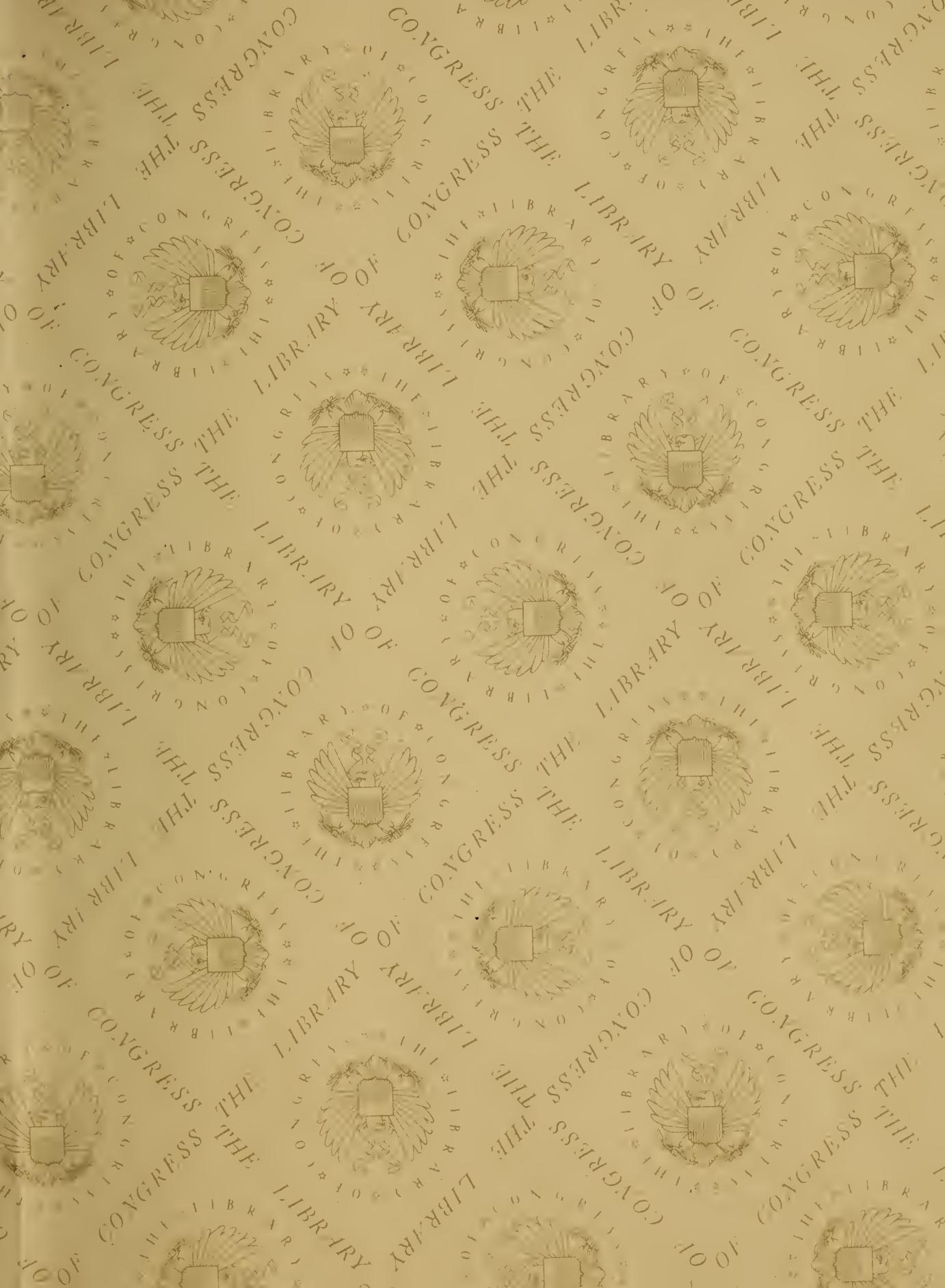


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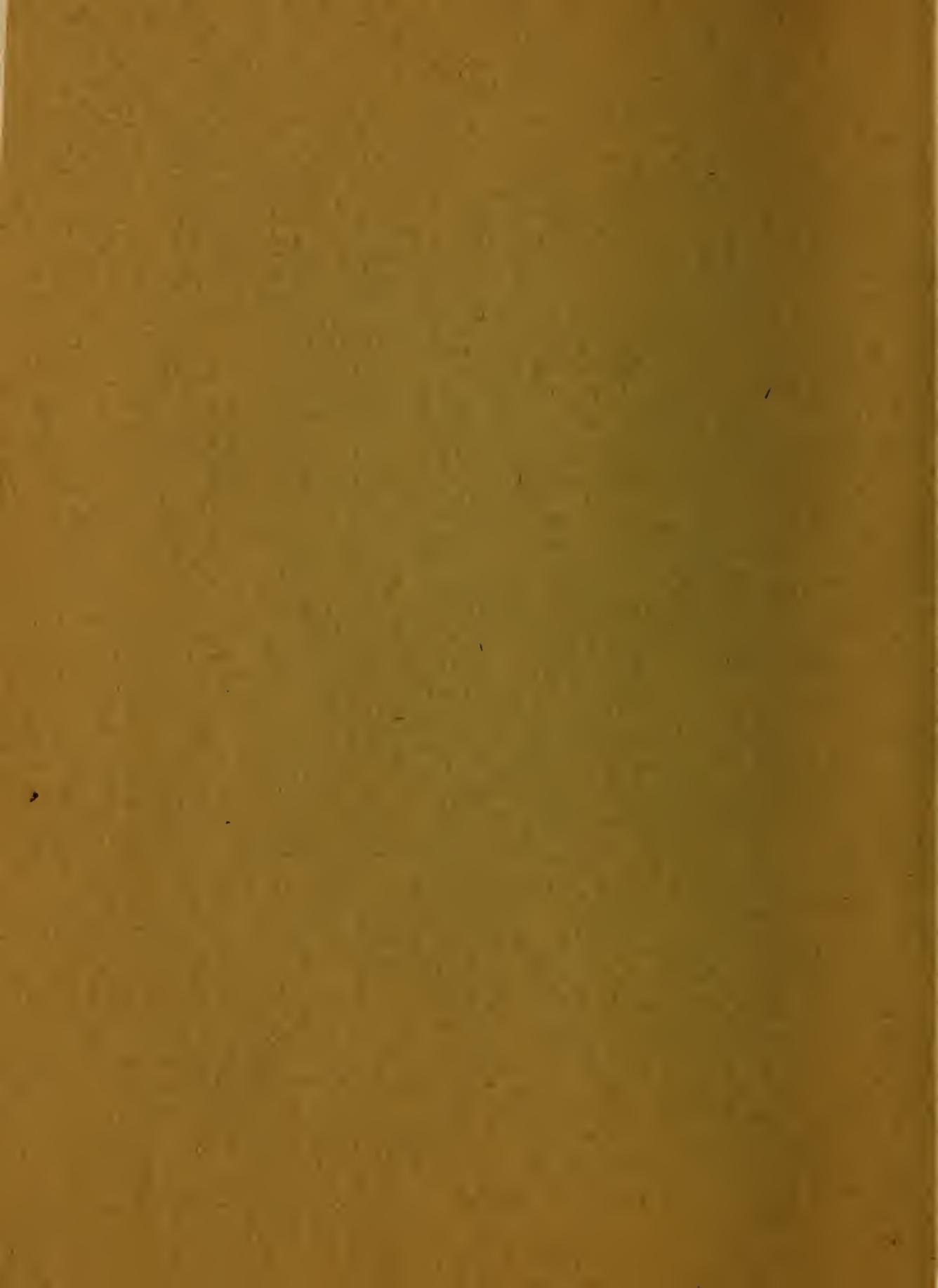
Longfellow's  
Evangeline



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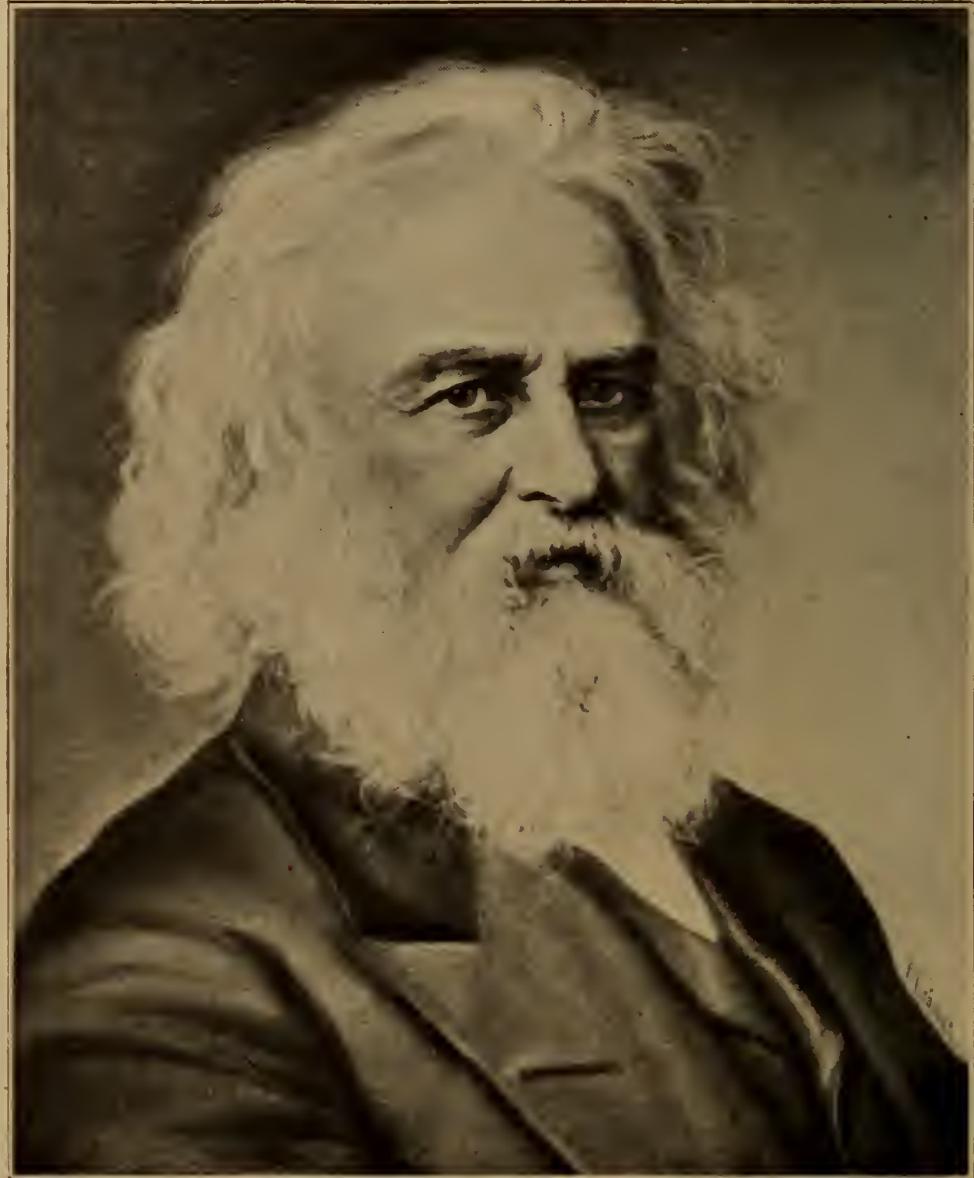
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Henry W. Longfellow

NUMBER 5

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# EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

AGNES LATHE, A. M.

LATE ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH  
WOMAN'S COLLEGE, BALTIMORE

οὐ πόλλῳ ἀλλὰ πολὺ

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## INTRODUCTION.

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### I. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His early life was that of a studious boy in a family of means and refinement. He prepared for college at the Portland Academy, and at the age of fourteen passed the entrance examinations of Bowdoin. It was in the previous year that he had the pleasure for the first time of seeing lines of his own in print. The poem was *Lovell's Fight*, and it appeared in the *Portland Gazette*. "I have never since," said Longfellow years afterward, "had such a thrill of delight over any of my publications." During his college course he contributed to various periodicals, but most abundantly to the *United States Literary Gazette* of Boston. He graduated second in a class of thirty-eight, and was awarded the English Oration in the Commencement parts. A more important recognition of his ability

was the proposition from the college that after study abroad he should return as Professor of Modern Languages. No offer could have been more in harmony with his tastes and desires. Accordingly in the spring of 1826 he sailed for Europe.

After three years of study and travel in England and in Southern Europe, Longfellow began his work in Bowdoin. There, teaching in the class-room and assisting in the library, he remained until his growing reputation won him a call from Harvard University. Before entering upon this larger field, he needed opportunity for further study; and therefore, in April, 1835, for the second time he crossed the ocean. This trip, though saddened by the death of Mrs. Longfellow in November, after four years of married life, was no less productive than the first one. For in the eighteen months of his sojourn Longfellow deepened his knowledge of German, and made himself acquainted with the countries and literatures of Northern Europe.

The years from 1826 to 1836 were fundamental to Longfellow. In them he gathered his material, and learned how to use it. He stored his mind with the richness of the Old World, and by teaching and writing made it a part of himself; thus he laid the foundation of liberal culture upon which he based all his

later work. This decade, however, was not marked by poetic production. With the exception of a little translation, Longfellow expressed himself in prose. He edited text-books; he wrote articles upon the French Language, the Spanish Language and Literature, the Italian Language and Dialects, and upon other subjects closely connected with his profession. In his leisure moments he collected and published in 1835, under the title of *Outre Mer*, the reminiscences of his first European visit. Four years later he embodied in the romance of *Hyperion* the records of his second trip. These sketches of travel disclose also Longfellow's inner life. Personal experience dictated the well-known motto of *Hyperion*,—"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart." Yet the chief value of the books consists in the revelation that they make of their author's mental equipment, of his romantic tendencies, and of his perception of literary art.

Thus it was only after long training in prose that Longfellow put forth his first book of verse. This volume, *Voices of the Night*, was published in 1839, and within seven years was followed by five others. It is not necessary to delay upon the *Poems of Sla-*

very, a conscientious effort in the cause of freedom, nor to comment upon the *Spanish Student*, save to say that the poet was not a dramatist. It was the other publications, the *Ballads* and the *Belfry of Bruges*, that indicated clearly the path in which Longfellow's ability lay and its marked characteristics. His indebtedness to foreign poets, especially to the German, and his lyric skill in interpreting them, was shown in the numerous translations. The little sermons in rhyme, *The Psalm of Life* and *Excelsior*, which brought him immediate popularity, revealed his moral earnestness. Poems such as *Maidenhood*, *Resignation*, and *Haunted Houses*, disclosed the delicacy of his touch in verse of sentiment and religion. And the *Ballads*, with the *Skeleton in Armor* at their head, proved his power to tell a story in strong, direct language.

In these early volumes the Old World suggested many of the themes, and the lyric form furnished them appropriate expression. During the next ten years Longfellow turned to narrative poetry, and chose his subjects from this side of the Atlantic. The first of these New World poems was *Evangeline*. The cause of its popularity, both immediate and lasting, together with an appreciation of its place in American Literature, is accurately given by Brander Matthews

in the words, "It was the most beautiful and the most touching tale in verse yet told by any American poet, and its charm was increased greatly by the skill with which the natural scenery of America and our varying seasons, was used to furnish a background." The national note was more strongly struck in the *Building of the Ship*, the chief poem in the volume of 1850. That the idea is akin to Schiller's in the *Lay of the Bell*, and that the construction is modelled after the celebrated ode of Horace, in no way detracts from the value of the poem. Its patriotism is noble in quality, and is expressed in an artistic form which appeals to every age and class. All Americans agree with Oliver Wendell Holmes in finding in it "the classical expression of patriotic emotion." From patriotism and love, themes sung by generations of poets, Longfellow turned to a subject new and unique. In his journal he wrote, "I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indian which seems to me the right one and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one, for such a theme." His confidence in his plan and metre was amply justified, and in *Hia-watha* he had the distinction of contributing to American Literature the one important poem upon the Indian.

Three years later he took as the basis for a New England idyl the prettiest incident in the history of the grim Pilgrims. The verse of *Miles Standish* is undoubtedly labored and uneven, yet in many ways the poem is stronger than *Evangeline*. The structure of the story is more compact, the characters are more natural. And the air of humor pervading the poem not only is an additional charm, but also serves to remind us that the Puritan, too, had his season of youth and romance.

So customary is it to dwell upon Longfellow as a poet, that Longfellow in the common relations of life is often overlooked. It should, however, be borne in mind that he was engaged daily in professional duties. In addition to supervising the work in his department, he sometimes taught, and each term gave one or more courses of lectures. Soon after beginning his work at Harvard, he went to live at the Craigie House, a mansion of historic interest as Washington's headquarters in 1776. To the young man in search of rooms Mrs. Craigie responded, "I never have students to live with me." But when she learned that the applicant was Professor Longfellow, the old lady relented and said, "If you are the author of *Outre-Mer*, then you can come." In 1843, upon his marriage with Miss Frances Appleton of Boston,

the house passed into his own hands, and soon became a literary centre. Writing of social relationships in one of his early letters, Longfellow said, "I like intimate footings, I do not care for general society." Chief among those on "intimate footings" was Charles Sumner. Another not infrequent visitor was Hawthorne. In fact, in the long list of friends and acquaintances were most of the American men of letters of the century. Prescott, Norton, Agassiz, Fields, Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson are but a few of our own countrymen who were welcomed at Craigie House; from across the water came Clough, Dickens, Thackeray, Froude, and indeed almost every Englishman of literary prominence. That Longfellow, burdened with so many professional and social claims, was yet able to write so much and to maintain so high a standard was due to his habit of regular work. He was orderly and methodical, and a consistent hater of procrastination, believing firmly in the maxim used as a text for his last prose work, *Kavanagh* :—

"The lightly purpose never is overtook  
Unless the deed go with it."

Notwithstanding his well-ordered days, Longfellow felt the need of time and strength for purely literary production. Accordingly in 1854 he resigned his

professorship. *Hiawatha* and *Miles Standish*, the first fruits of his freedom, were followed in 1863 by *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Two years before occurred the tragedy of Mrs. Longfellow's death. As she was amusing the children by making some seals, the hot wax fell upon her light summer dress, and she was so severely burned that she died within a few hours. In his sorrow, Longfellow turned to daily work upon the *Divine Comedy*. It is often said that this translation was the result of ten minutes' labor each morning while the coffee was coming to the boiling-point. There may be truth in this statement, but it should be remembered that these ten minutes had been prepared for by years of study. The first of the Dante volumes was ready for the press in 1867, and the other two were completed in 1872. In 1868 Longfellow made his last visit to the Old World. Since the third brief trip of 1842 his fame had crossed the ocean, and he was everywhere welcomed with honor. The University of Cambridge added its degree of Doctor of Laws to that conferred upon him in 1859 by Harvard University, and Oxford gave him the title of Doctor of Civil Laws.

From Longfellow's return in 1869 to his death there is little to chronicle. The events of these closing years were his poems. Advancing age did not

dim his artistic sense or diminish his industry. The most ambitious of his latest verse was *Christus*, a Trilogy, comprising the *Divine Tragedy*, the *Golden Legend*, published separately in 1851, and the *New England Tragedies*. Of far greater value were his sonnets, which, though few in number, are of high rank. The six composed for the Dante volumes, together with *Nature* and *Victor and Vanquished*, are especially fine. His last volume, *Ultima Thule*, issued in 1880, indicated by its title his perception that his course in life was nearly run. The end, however, was not until a year later. Then a cold developed into pneumonia. A short illness, a few days of alarm, and on March 24, 1882, the bells of Cambridge tolled his death.

In any just estimate of Longfellow's work, acknowledgment must be made of his great indebtedness to other writers. His early prose shows the influence of Irving; his early verse of Bryant. After foreign study had made him familiar with European Literature, he borrowed from it many a form and metre, many an idea. Of this he made no secret, for he was not unduly anxious to be either national or original. He stated his literary creed in *Kavanagh*. "All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their

roots are in their native soil ; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air that speaks the same language unto all men . . . All literature as well as all art is the result of culture and intellectual refinement."

This conception of literature reveals the characteristics of the poet. It contains the answer to the question, What was Longfellow's gift to American Letters ? What did he contribute to our Literature ? He contributed, first of all, culture and refinement. His training, his wide knowledge, his appropriating talent, his fastidious taste, all combined to make him an artist in poetry. It enabled him to enrich the meagre literature of his own land and time with the wealth of other ages. But he was not simply or chiefly an exponent of beauty. No apostle of culture, merely, would have attained his wide popularity or his deep hold. His secure place in the affections of the people is due largely to the themes of which he sang. These, selected with wise recognition of his own powers, were within the range of the average reader. He voiced the tranquil sentiments, the domestic affections, the inevitable sorrows common to all, dear to all. He refined, he beautified, he dignified the universal experiences of life. Hence he was a welcome guest at every fireside, and his verse became a household service.

## II. STUDY OF EVANGELINE.

### 1. THE ORIGIN OF THE POEM.

THE first record of the unfortunate Acadian lovers was made by Hawthorne, October 24, 1839, in his American Note-Book. Just when the story was given by him to Longfellow is nowhere stated, but the circumstances of its transference are related by Samuel Longfellow in his Life and Letters of his brother. "Mr. Hawthorne came one day to dine at Craigie House, bringing with him his friend Mr. H. L. Connolly. At dinner Connolly said he had been trying in vain to interest Hawthorne to write a story upon an incident which had been related to him by a parishioner of his. It was the story of a young Acadian maiden, who, at the dispersion of her people by the English troops, had been separated from her betrothed lover; they sought each other for years in their exile; and at last they met in a hospital where the lover lay dying. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, especially by the constancy of the heroine, and said to his friend, 'If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem.'"

The sources from which Longfellow gathered the

material for his poem are well known. "As far as I remember," he said, "the authorities I mostly relied upon in writing *Evangeline* were the Abbé Raynal and Mr. Haliburton; the first for the pastoral, simple life of the Acadians; the second for the history of their banishment." The Indian legends he found in Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, to which he was later so greatly indebted for the myths and traditions of *Hiawatha*. And for the last scene he drew upon a reminiscence of a visit in 1826 to Philadelphia. There in a morning stroll he happened upon the almshouse, a large building surrounded by trees. "The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write *Evangeline* I placed the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel and the death, at the poorhouse; and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

The references to the poem in Longfellow's journal are not numerous. The first one is that of November 28, 1845, "Set about Gabrielle, my idyl in hexameters." A few days later he wrote, "I know not what name to give my new poem. Shall it be 'Gabrielle', or 'Celestine,' or 'Evangeline'?" During the next year he mentioned it but a few times, the most significant notes

being those of December 17th and 19th. "I see a diorama of the Mississippi advertised. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river." "Went to see Banyard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats and the sand-banks crested with cotton-wood and the bayous by moonlight." On February 27, 1847, his fortieth birthday, he closed the subject with the words, "*Evangeline* is ended. I wrote the last words this morning."

## 2. HISTORICAL BASIS OF THE POEM.

In 1713 the land now known as Nova Scotia, but formerly called Acadie, was ceded by France to Great Britain. The English did not, however, begin to make settlements until 1749, when they laid the foundations of Halifax, and began to exercise control over the country. Disputes immediately arose between them and the French colonists, and in these controversies the loyalty of the Acadians became of great importance. These people, allied to the French by nationality and by religion, refused the oath of allegiance to the English, and claimed the right of remaining neutral. This claim the Government would no longer allow. Its statement of the affair is given thus by Haliburton :—

“That the Acadians being permitted to hold their lands after the treaty of Utrecht (1713), by which the Province was ceded to Great Britain, upon condition of their taking the oath of allegiance, refused to comply except with the qualification that they should not be compelled to bear arms in defence of the province; — That from this circumstance they affected the character of Neutrals, yet furnished the French and Indians with intelligence, quarter, provisions, and assistance in annoying the Government of the Province; and that three hundred of them were actually found in arms at Beau Séjour. That notwithstanding an offer was made to such of them as had not been openly in arms to be allowed to continue in possession of their land, if they would take the oath of allegiance without any qualifications, they unanimously refused.”

The English found themselves confronted with a difficult political problem. What should be done with these people? The circumstances were unusual and perplexing. The Acadians had refused the oath, hence they were not British subjects, and could not be punished as rebels. Neither were they prisoners of war; for their neutrality had been accepted for nearly half a century, and therefore they could not be returned to France. For the English to send them against their will to the French colonies in Canada or

Louisburg was to increase the number of their own foes; whereas to permit them to remain as neutrals in Acadia was to allow a permanent ground for hostile attack. After much deliberation the Colonial Government decided to disperse them among the English colonies at such a distance that they could not come back, and with such secrecy and rapidity that none could escape. This task was assigned to Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, who at that time was assisting the English in Nova Scotia with two battalions of New England troops.

The execution of this scheme was postponed until the harvest should be gathered. Then, that all the inhabitants of the different settlements might be captured at one time, stratagem was used. A proclamation was issued summoning all the men, old and young, as well as boys of ten, to meet in their respective churches upon September 5, 1755, and hear a message from the Governor. In Grand-Pré, after the guard had been stationed, Colonel Winslow arose and told the assembled men that in a few days they were to be dispersed among the English colonies and that meanwhile they were to remain as prisoners in the church. Five days later, upon September 10, they were hurried upon the boats. In the haste and confusion, further complicated by the difference of language, children

were separated from parents, wives from husbands, and in some cases they were never reunited. The exiles were scattered among the colonies of Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, and some wandered as far south as Louisiana.

The details of this tragedy may be found in *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, by Thomas C. Haliburton. Another statement of the case, founded upon Haliburton, is contained in an article upon *Evangeline* in the *North American Review* for 1848. The latest and best account is given by Parkman in *Wolfe and Montcalm*, Vol. 1. He shows that the struggle for Acadia was an inevitable incident in the long contest between the French and English for the possession of Canada; and that the Acadians, at once the dupes and tools of the French, wore out by their obstinacy the long forbearance of the English. Though this presentation of the affair is of value historically, it is not of vital importance in the consideration of *Evangeline*. The question for the student is not, Who are the authorities upon Acadian history to-day, and what facts and explanations do they present? but, Who was the historian whom Longfellow followed, and what use did he make of the material? It was Haliburton's history, published in

1829, authoritative still in 1845, upon which Longfellow depended for his incidents and his point of view. Hence this *r  sum  * has been taken largely from Haliburton, and copious extracts from him have been given in the notes.

### 3. THE MEASURE.

The metre of *Evangeline* is hexameter; that is, each line or verse is made up of six feet. The first four of these may be either dactyls or spondees, the fifth should be regularly a dactyl, and the sixth must always be a spondee. A dactyl consists of three syllables, the first one accented and the last two unaccented, as in the word “company.” A spondee consists of two accented syllables, as in the word “motion.” It will be readily seen that the first line of *Evangeline* is dactylic, and that the fourth is an excellent example of spondaic hexameter.

According to Matthew Arnold, English hexameters should be such “as to read themselves without necessity on the reader’s part for any non-natural putting-on or taking-off accent.” This does not mean that they should be given in a monotonous sing-song, or that the voice should be dropped abruptly at the end of each line. The intelligent reader will naturally linger over the first half of the line, pause in the middle, and

hasten gently over the latter half. Thus read, the smoothness and musical beauty of the verse will be brought out.

The hexameter has never been a favorite measure in English poetry. It is interesting to note, however, that after Longfellow's success, several English poets attempted its use, the most notable being Charles Kingsley in his *Andromeda*, and Arthur Hugh Clough in his pastoral, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*. The latter acknowledged his indebtedness in a letter to Emerson: "Will you convey to Mr. Longfellow the fact that it was a reading of his *Evangeline* aloud to my mother and sister, which, coming after a reperusal of the Iliad, occasioned this outbreak of hexameters?"

#### 4. CRITICAL COMMENTS.

The student of *Evangeline* is fortunate in having together with the completed poem the historic incident from which it was developed. For by comparing the two, the finished product with the crude material, he may see a poem in the making, and thus gain some slight insight into Longfellow's methods, and some small appreciation of the literary excellences of *Evangeline*.

The original tale viewed as poetic matter suggests several questions. What are its good features?

What are its bad ones? What was its charm for Longfellow? It is evident at a glance that the incident of a peasant girl separated from her lover, seeking him in vain and finding him only on his death-bed, lacks dramatic episodes and movement. It has no thrilling deeds, no sudden surprises, no hair-breadth escapes. Its few events by themselves would not hold the reader's attention, and hence as matter for a story have no great value. But though the incident is poor in action, it is rich in feeling. Constancy, devotion, submission, abound in it. It was this pervading emotional element which made it attractive to Longfellow. He perceived that the scanty outlines could be developed, and the inherent sentiment could be so brought out as to throw around the story and its heroine a halo of beauty and pathos.

Before the tale could be told, however, its metrical form must be determined. In what metre would it be most effective? Whatever precedent Longfellow followed, whether that of Homer in the *Iliad*, or Virgil in the *Aeneid*, or, as is far more likely, that of Goethe in his bucolic, *Hermann and Dorothea*, he never wavered in regard to the measure. From the beginning he spoke of the new poem as "my idyl in hexameters." The translation of Tegnér's *Children of the Lord's Supper* had given him experience with the

metre; and to the adverse opinion of friends he persistently replied, "It suits all themes. It can fly low like a swallow and at any moment dart skyward." He did, however, try a short passage, the song of the mocking-bird, in Part Second, canto second, in the common rhymed pentameter:

"Upon a spray that overhung the stream,  
The mocking-bird, awakening from his dream,  
Poured such delirious music from his throat  
That all the air seemed listening to his note.  
Plaintive at first the note began, and slow;  
It breathed of sadness, and of pain, and woe;  
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung  
The multitudinous music from his tongue,—  
As after showers, a sudden gust again  
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

Pleasing as this is, no one can fail to perceive the superiority of the hexameter version. With unerring taste Longfellow chose the metre most suitable for minute delineations and tranquil sentiments. His artistic sense prescribed the measure which would harmonize with the pathetic theme, and which would add to it the beauty of lingering melody.

In developing the incidents of the poem, Longfellow encountered little difficulty. The authorities to which he had ready recourse supplied him copiously with

facts. But to present these facts in a pleasing form required skill in arrangement. It is well understood that a plain tale should be told plainly, and that nothing contributes more to the ease and pleasure of a reader than an orderly presentation of events. Both these laws, the psychological and the rhetorical, are observed in *Evangeline*. Throughout the poem the facts follow one another in the sequence of time, and in Part First in the order of climax. In this section, each incident is more specific and more interesting than the preceding. Thus, after the general description of Grand-Pré, comes that of the home of Evangeline, then the marriage contract, the feast of betrothal, the announcement of banishment, the separation of the lovers, and finally the death of Benedict. Every one of the five cantos, and every stanza in each canto, adds a definite necessary part. Thus the story grows. Thus it moves on to a tragedy.

When planning Part Second, Longfellow wrote in his journal : "Of material there is a superabundance. The difficulty is to select and give unity to variety." The material indeed was more than ample, for the Acadians had been scattered broadcast among the British colonies. Gabriel might have been carried into any one of the English settlements ; Evangeline might seek him anywhere from Massachusetts Bay to

Louisiana, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. In this amplitude of choice, Longfellow selected as the scenes of her wanderings those places which would furnish most of interest and of beauty. The division of the poem enabled him to vary his method, and instead of marshalling events in a climax, to describe the luxuriant savannas of Louisiana, the desolate Indian camp in the far West, and the Quaker city on the Susquehanna. To add human interest to these diverse pictures, he sketched in the Coureurs-des-bois, the voyageurs, the Shawnee squaw, and the Black Robe chief. In and out through the varying scenes, among these picturesque people, *Evangeline* moves. Her constant presence, her one object, links together the contrasting elements, and gives "unity to variety."

A consideration of the style of *Evangeline* brings to mind Tennyson's remark in regard to his pastoral, *Dora*, "Being the tale of a nobly simple country-girl, it had to be told in the simplest poetical language." This harmony of theme and diction is attained in *Evangeline*. The language is not only beautiful; it is studiously simple. This is most evident in the figures of speech. The least difficult of all figures, those of resemblance, constitute the greater number. And of these, the direct simile and personification are far more frequent than the less obvious metaphor. The

most simple similes, such as “white as the snow were his locks”—“black were her eyes as the berry,” abound on every page. Less numerous, though still abundant, are the comparisons with two points of resemblance, such as that in which the benediction from the hands of the priest is likened to the seed from the hands of the sower. But long similes making point after point of likeness are few. One of the best is that in canto four of Part First, descriptive of the effect of the announcement of banishment:

“As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field, and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures ;  
So on the heads of the people descended the words of the speaker.”

It is noticeable that purely literary and historical comparisons are rare. Almost without exception the figures are drawn from sources familiar to Acadian life and custom. A few contain allusions to Norman superstitions and Old World myths; more have reference to the ritual and ceremony of the Roman Cath-

olic Church, and still others are derived from the Bible. Thus columns of smoke ascend “like clouds of incense,” and the sun veils his face “like the Prophet descending from Sinai.” But the greatest number are taken from nature,—from the flowers, the birds, the stars, the moon, the rain, and the sea. Anything and everything in the natural world is used for illustration, from the obvious yellow of the maize to the mysterious effect of moonlight. It would be absurd to pretend that all the figures in this abundance of imagery have poetic value. But after the few petty and commonplace comparisons have been acknowledged, there yet remain the great number which unite grace of expression with beauty of thought.

The definite aim and artistic skill shown in the selection of the metre, the arrangement of the story, and the choice of figures, are still further evident in the treatment of character. It goes without saying that *Evangeline* is a poem of but one character. Several people, Benedict, René Leblanc, Basil, and Father Felician come and go in its pages. Gabriel furnishes the motive. But all are kept strictly subordinate. Longfellow does not dissipate either his own strength or his readers' sympathy, but concentrates both upon *Evangeline*. The pathos of her fate

is emphasized in Part First by sharp contrasts. The joyful betrothal feast is followed within a few hours by the announcement of exile. The happiness of the lovers upon the signing of the marriage contract is transformed the next evening into grief. The village of Grand-Pré, rich in cattle and contented farmers, within less than a week is laid waste by fire, the cattle are confiscated, the inhabitants are banished. The sympathy felt for Evangeline is deepened by her youth, her beauty; the death of her father, and most of all by her own attitude toward misfortune. She has no reproaches for the English; she cheers the women of the village, while to Gabriel and to her father she speaks “words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.” Such unselfishness, such ideal charity, adds beauty and strength to a character which otherwise would be merely pathetic.

These qualities of character are made still more evident in Part Second by repetition. Evangeline wanders from the plantation in Louisiana to the hunter’s lodge, to the Jesuit mission, through many camps and secluded hamlets, always seeking, never finding; always striving, never attaining. This pathetic story is re-enforced by a similar one from the lips of the Shawnee woman. But as before, the principal means used to increase our sympathy is the

addition of beautiful elements to Evangeline's character. In all these slow years she does not doubt, she does not repine; and when she finally yields her own will, she transforms the love concentrated upon one into devotion to many. Thus had she learned —

“ Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others.”

Any appreciation of the poem would be inadequate which did not recognize the artistic value of the lines which form the introduction and the conclusion. Less than two-score in number, they yet add to the poem immeasurably. Other noted poets have used nature for a background. Sir Launfal rides forth young and expectant in June, when, “if ever, come perfect days.” When he returns old and disappointed, a winter wind pierces him “eager and sharp.” Rustum, that ill-fated father, kills his son by the banks of that majestic river which still moved on imperturbed “through the vast Chorasmian waste under the solitary moon.” Lowell’s poetic conception of nature as in harmony with human endeavor, and Arnold’s idea of it as immovable, immutable, are both expressed in Longfellow’s few stanzas. The murmuring pines, the hemlocks green, indistinct in the twilight, the deep-voiced ocean of the introduc-

tion, form a sombre setting appropriate to a pathetic tale. And in the conclusion, after the Acadians are in their nameless graves, the forest still stands, the ocean still speaks, "and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

### III. SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

The critical comments contain suggestions for the study of *Evangeline*. But this one poem should not absorb the entire time and interest of the student. To an intimate knowledge of *Evangeline* he should add some general acquaintance with Longfellow. There is but one way to acquire this: to become acquainted with the poet, one must study his poetry. No biography, however complete, no criticism, however ample, can take the place of familiarity with the poems. There are many of these which, although but touched upon in class, will nevertheless serve the double purpose of broadening the pupil's knowledge of Longfellow, and of exemplifying to him the poetic treatment of men and events.

While maintaining at all times a commendable reserve, Longfellow based a number of poems upon private incidents and relationships. He gave up a few pieces to teaching morality directly, and he

wrote much upon historical themes. These poems, personal, moral, and historical, are suggested as peculiarly adapted to the class-room.

Poems referring to Longfellow's early life and domestic relationships: *My Lost Youth*, *Footsteps of Angels*, *The Children's Hour*, *Two Angels*, *Resignation*, *Haunted Houses*, *Cross of Snow*, *Travels by the Fireside*, *From my Armchair*.

Poems referring to friends: *On the Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz*, *Hawthorne*, *Charles Sumner*, *Three Friends*, *Herons of Elmwood*, *Three Silences*, *Auf Wiedersehen*. In connection with these read also Longfellow's tribute to his early master in prose, *In the Churchyard at Tarrytown*, and his graceful recognition of Tennyson's artistic supremacy in *Wappen-take*.

Poems directly inculcating morality: *Excelsior*, *The Psalm of Life*, *The Builders*, *The Ladder of St. Augustine*, *The Castle Builders*, *Santa Filomena*.

Poems upon American history: *Hiawatha*, *Miles Standish*, *Elizabeth*, *Lady Wentworth*, *Paul Rerere's Ride*, *Slave in the Dismal Swamp*, *The Cumberland*, *Christmas Bells*, *Decoration Day*, *President Garfield*, *Building of the Ship*.

There is nothing obscure in any of these poems. As statements of fact the student grasps them at the

first reading. What he does not perceive is their artistic quality. He does not apprehend their poetic and literary excellence. This it is which the teacher must make plain. Without attempting any discussion of poetics, certain fundamental truths may be dwelt upon. It may be shown that not all lines are poetical which can be made to scan and to rhyme, and that poetry is more than a mere matter of form. It may be pointed out that certain metres are appropriate for certain subjects ; that the *Skeleton in Armor* would lose force if told in the measure of the *Day is Done*. The office of the specific verb, noun, and adjective may be emphasized. The pupil can soon see that they contribute movement and definiteness ; that they give action and life to the lines. He should also be taught to see the underlying idea or motive of a poem, and to comprehend that it is expanded by general and specific statement ; that it is made stronger by illustration, by figure, and by allusion.

It is not easy to formulate methods of teaching and of learning. The ingenious teacher, the earnest scholar, formulates his own method. But one or two practical suggestions may be offered. The first is in regard to the use of quotations. A few minutes at the beginning of the hour devoted to a running fire

of short quotations will enliven the recitation, and will fasten some of the author's best thoughts in the pupil's memory. Usually he may be left free to select for himself; but occasionally lines illustrating a particular point, such as Longfellow's use of metaphor or of nature, may be called for. The second suggestion is, that students be taught not only to write, but to speak, upon a subject. One or two topics may be assigned each day for discussion upon the next. The pupil should be shown how to draw his material from the biography and the poems, and he should be required to speak grammatically, with logical sequence, and with point.

The following topics may be found useful for written or oral exercises: I. Longfellow's opportunities for study and travel. II. His life in Cambridge: *a.* his profession; *b.* his home life. III. His indebtedness to European literature: *a.* poems showing German influence; *b.* French influence; *c.* Italian influence; *d.* Spanish influence. IV. His use of American material: *a.* Indian; *b.* colonial; *c.* revolutionary; *d.* events of Civil War. V. His popularity: *a.* poems which appeal to home life; *b.* poems of religion, of sentiment; *c.* poems of nature; *d.* ballads. *For the special study of Evangeline:* I. Longfellow's use of history in *Evangeline*. II. His use

of figures in *Evangeline*. III. The sources of the figures. IV. The parallel construction of Parts I. and II. V. The character of *Evangeline*: a. the realistic touches; b. the ideal element. VI. The lesson of the poem. VII. The artistic beauty of the poem. VIII. Its classic qualities of proportion, purity of feeling, and reserve.

Should the teacher desire more topics, he can find them, with lists of poems, in Gannett's *Studies in Longfellow*. For the definite points of biography, construction, and literature several authorities are mentioned in their proper places. But references along the broader paths of literature, to poetry as an art, to its interpretation of nature, and to its expression of life,—such references are less numerous and more difficult to give. The following are, however, offered in the hope that they may be found suggestive and inspiring. *The Study of Poetry*, by Matthew Arnold, included in the *Essays in Criticism*, Series II., also published as the introduction to *The English Poets*, by T. Humphrey Ward. *Poetic Interpretation of Nature*, and *Aspects of Poetry*, by J. C. Shairp. *Short Studies in Literature*, and *My Study Fire*, Series II., by H. W. Mabie.

## IV. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The only complete edition of Longfellow's works is that published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in eleven volumes. The Cambridge edition contains all the poems in a single volume.

The best life of Longfellow is that written by his brother Samuel, and containing copious extracts from his journal and letters. The life by E. S. Robertson (1887), in the *Great Writers Series*, contains an admirable bibliography.

For criticism see E. C. Stedman in *Poets of America*, H. E. Scudder in *Men and Letters*, C. F. Richardson in his *American Literature*, and W. D. Howells in *The North American Review* for April, 1867.

# EVANGELINE.

---

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring  
pines and the hemlocks,

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-  
tinct in the twilight,

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and pro-  
phetic,

Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on  
their bosoms.

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced 5  
neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the  
hearts that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-  
land the voice of the huntsman ?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of  
Acadian farmers,—

10 Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water  
the woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an  
image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers  
forever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty  
blasts of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle  
them far o'er the ocean.

15 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful vil-  
lage of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and en-  
dures, and is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of  
woman's devotion,

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the  
pines of the forest;

List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the  
happy.

## PART THE FIRST.

## I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin <sup>20</sup>  
of Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-  
Pré

Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched  
to the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised  
with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated sea- <sup>25</sup>  
sons the flood-gates

Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will  
o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and or-  
chards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and  
away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on  
the mountains

*LONGFELLOW.*

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the  
mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their  
station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Aca-  
dian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of  
oak and of hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the  
reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ;  
and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the  
doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on  
the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and  
in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning  
the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
within doors

Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels  
and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,  
and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended  
to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose 45  
matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affection-  
ate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and  
serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed: Anon  
from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of  
the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense 50  
ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace  
and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian  
farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were  
they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

55 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,

60 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.

65 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on  
the thorn by the wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the  
brown shade of her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that  
feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers  
at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was 70  
the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the  
bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest  
with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet  
of beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, 75  
and the ear-rings

Brought in the olden time from France, and since,  
as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations.

But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
after confession,

80 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of  
the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ;  
and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine  
wreathing around it.

85 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ;  
and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in  
the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by  
a penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the  
roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image  
of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the 90  
well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough  
for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north,  
were the barns and the farm-yard ;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the  
antique ploughs and the harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in  
his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, 95  
with the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a  
village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and  
a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous  
corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and 100  
innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the vari-  
ant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang  
of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the  
farmer of Grand-Pré  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed  
his household.

- 105 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and  
opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest  
devotion ;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the  
hem of her garment !  
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness  
befriended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound  
of her footsteps,  
110 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the  
knocker of iron ;  
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the  
village,  
. Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as  
he whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the  
music.

But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;

Gabriel Lajeunesse,<sup>115</sup> the son of Basil the blacksmith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and <sup>120</sup> Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes <sup>125</sup> to behold him

Take in his leathern-lap the hoof of the horse as  
a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the  
tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of  
cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gather-  
ing darkness

<sup>130</sup> Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through  
every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the labor-  
ing bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired  
in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going  
into the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of  
the eagle,

<sup>135</sup> Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er  
the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous  
nests on the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,  
which the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the  
sight of its fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of  
the swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer <sup>140</sup>  
were children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face  
of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes  
of a woman.

“Sunshine of Saint Eulalie” was she called; for  
that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their <sup>145</sup>  
orchards with apples;

She too would bring to her husband’s house de-  
light and abundance,

Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of chil-  
dren.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights  
grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion  
enters.

- 150 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,  
from the ice-bound,  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical  
islands.  
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the  
winds of September  
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old  
with the angel.  
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
155 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded  
their honey  
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters  
asserted  
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur  
of the foxes.  
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed  
that beautiful season,  
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer  
of All-Saints!  
160 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;  
and the landscape  
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-  
hood.  
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless  
heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in  
harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks  
in the farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing 165  
of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,  
and the great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden  
vapors around him ;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet  
and yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering  
tree of the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned 170  
with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affec-  
tion and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and  
twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the  
herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their  
necks on each other,

175 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the  
freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful  
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that  
waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human  
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating  
flocks from the seaside,

180 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them  
followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride  
of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and  
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the  
stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept;  
their protector,

185 When from the forest at night, through the starry  
silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains  
from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,<sup>190</sup>

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,<sup>195</sup>

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace,  
    idly the farmer

- 200 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames  
    and the smoke-wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Be-  
    hind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall with ges-  
    tures fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away  
    into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his  
    arm-chair

- 205 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter  
    plates on the dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies  
    the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of  
    Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers  
    before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-  
    gundian vineyards.

- 210 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evange-  
    line seated,

Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner  
behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,<sup>215</sup>

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil <sup>220</sup> the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

“Welcome!” the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

“ Welcome, Basil, my friend ! Come, take thy  
place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee ;

225 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box  
of tobacco ;

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through  
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and  
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the  
mist of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil  
the blacksmith,

230 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the  
fireside : —

“ Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest  
and thy ballad !

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others  
are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before  
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked  
up a horseshoe.”

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evange- 235  
line brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he  
slowly continued : —

“ Four days now are passed since the English ships  
at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon  
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all  
are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his 240  
Majesty’s mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in  
the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the peo-  
ple.”

Then made answer the farmer : — “ Perhaps some  
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the  
harvests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been 245  
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed their  
cattle and children.”

“Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said  
warmly the blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a  
sigh, he continued:—

“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor  
Port Royal.

250 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on  
its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of  
to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weap-  
ons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith’s sledge and the  
scythe of the mower.”

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial  
farmer:—

255 “Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks  
and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the  
ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy’s  
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow  
of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night  
of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads 260  
of the village

Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking  
the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food  
for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers  
and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy  
of our children ? ”

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand 265  
in her lover’s,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her  
father had spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary  
entered.

### III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of  
the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the  
notary public ;

- 270 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung  
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and  
glasses with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom su-  
pernal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and more than  
a hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard  
his great watch tick.
- 275 Four long years in the times of the war had he  
languished a captive,  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend  
of the English.  
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or  
suspicion,  
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple,  
and childlike.  
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the  
children ;
- 280 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the  
forest,  
And of the goblin that came in the night to water  
the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who  
unchristened  
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the cham-  
bers of children ;  
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the  
stable,  
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up 285  
in a nutshell,  
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover  
and horseshoes,  
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the  
village.  
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil  
the blacksmith,  
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly ex-  
tending his right hand,  
“ Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “ thou hast heard 290  
the talk in the village,  
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these  
ships and their errand.”  
Then with modest demeanor made answer the no-  
tary public, —  
“ Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am  
never the wiser ;

And what their errand may be I know no better  
than others.

295 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil in-  
tention

Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why  
then molest us ? ”

“ God’s name ! ” shouted the hasty and somewhat  
irascible blacksmith ;

“ Must we in all things look for the how, and the  
why, and the wherefore ? ”

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of  
the strongest ! ”

300 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the  
notary public, —

“ Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally jus-  
. tice

Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that  
often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at  
Port Royal.”

This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved  
to repeat it

305 When his neighbors complained that any injustice  
was done them.

“ Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and 310 homes of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a 315 nobleman’s palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,

Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.

320 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,

Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,

325 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the 330  
table,

Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in  
the village of Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers  
and ink-horn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of  
the parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep 335  
and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well  
were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun  
on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on  
the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of  
silver;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and 340  
bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their  
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed  
and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the  
fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of  
its corner.

345 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention  
the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful ma-  
nœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach  
was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a win-  
dow's embrasure,

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding  
the moon rise

350 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the  
meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of  
the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell  
from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and  
straightway

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned 355  
in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on  
the door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it  
with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that  
glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the  
farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline 360  
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the  
darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of  
the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the  
door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of  
white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were 365  
carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangelie woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight

370 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.

Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber !

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,

375 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for  
a moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw  
serenely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star fol- 380  
low her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered  
with Hagar.

#### IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village  
of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin  
of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,  
were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamor- 385  
ous labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden  
gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and  
neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian  
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from  
the young folk

- 390 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numer-  
ous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of  
wheels in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed  
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor  
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy  
groups at the house-doors

- 395 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped  
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed  
and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like broth-  
ers together,

All things were held in common, and what one  
had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more  
abundant:

- 400 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her  
father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness  
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup  
as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest <sup>405</sup> and the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face <sup>410</sup> of the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de Dunkerque,*

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

415 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

420 So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men.  
Without, in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves,  
and hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh  
from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them 425

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the 430 steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

“ You are convened this day,” he said, “ by his Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know 435 must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch :

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and  
cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you  
may dwell there

440 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable  
people!

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his  
Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of  
summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of  
the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and  
shatters his windows,

445 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with  
thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their  
enclosures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words  
of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,  
and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to 450  
the door-way.  
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations  
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er  
the heads of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil  
the blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; 455  
and wildly he shouted, —  
“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never  
have sworn them allegiance !  
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our  
homes and our harvests ! ”  
More he fain would have said, but the merciless  
hand of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him  
down to the pavement.  
  
In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry 460  
contention,

Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father  
Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps  
of the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed  
into silence

All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to  
his people ;

465 Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents meas-  
ured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly  
the clock strikes.

“ What is this that ye do, my children ? what  
madness has seized you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you,  
and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one  
another !

470 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and  
prayers and privations ?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and  
forgiveness ?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and  
would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing  
with hatred ?

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is  
gazing upon you !

See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and 475  
holy compassion !

Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘ O  
Father, forgive them ! ’

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the  
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, ‘ O Father, forgive  
them ! ’ ”

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the  
hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the 480  
passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, “ O  
Father, forgive them ! ”

Then came the evening service. The tapers  
gleamed from the altar ;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and  
the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the  
Ave Maria

- 485 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,  
with devotion translated,  
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending  
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings  
of ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women  
and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with  
her right hand

- 490 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,  
that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-  
dor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-  
blazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth  
on the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fra-  
grant with wild flowers;

- 495 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese  
fresh brought from the dairy;  
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair  
of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as  
the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad  
ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celest- 500  
tial ascended, —

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgive-  
ness, and patience!

Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the  
village,

Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts  
of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps  
they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet 505  
of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-  
mering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-  
scending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church  
Evangeline lingered.

510 All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and  
the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, over-  
come by emotion,

“ Gabriel ! ” cried she aloud with tremulous voice ;  
but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloom-  
ier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless  
house of her father.

515 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board  
was the supper untasted.

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted  
with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of  
her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate  
rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree  
by the window.

520 Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the  
echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed  
the world He created !

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of  
the justice of Heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully  
slumbered till morning.

## V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now  
on the fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of 525  
the farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful  
procession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the  
Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods  
to the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on  
their dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding 530  
road and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged  
on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ;  
and there on the sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.

535 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ;

All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors

540 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their 545  
wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the 550  
women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession 555  
approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another

560 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!”

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.

565 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and  
stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the con-  
fusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and moth- 570  
ers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wild-  
est entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel  
carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood  
with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went  
down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the 575  
refluent ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the  
sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the  
slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods  
and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels 580  
near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,  
and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats  
of the sailors.

585 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned  
from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of  
milk from their udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known  
bars of the farm-yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the  
hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no  
Angelus sounded,

590 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no  
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires  
had been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from  
wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces  
were gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the  
crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth 595  
in his parish,

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and bless-  
ing and cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate  
seashore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline  
sat with her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the  
old man,

Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either 600  
thought or emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands  
have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses  
to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he  
looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flicker-  
ing fire-light.

605 “*Benedicite!*” murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,

610 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

615 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs  
of the village,  
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships  
that lay in the roadstead.  
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of  
flame were  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like 620  
the quivering hands of a martyr.  
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burn-  
ing thatch, and, uplifting,  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from  
a hundred house-tops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame  
intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the  
shore and on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in -625  
their anguish,  
“ We shall behold no more our homes in the village  
of Grand-Pré ! ”  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the  
farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

630 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

635 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,

Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched  
abroad on the seashore  
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had 640  
departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the  
maiden  
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her  
terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head  
on his bosom.  
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious  
slumber ;  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a 645  
multitude near her.  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully  
gazing upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-  
passion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the  
landscape,  
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the  
faces around her,  
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”

655 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,

660 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.

‘Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of  
embarking;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of  
the harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and 665  
the village in ruins.

## PART THE SECOND.

## I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning  
of Grand-Pré,

When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-  
parted,

Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into  
exile,

Exile without an end, and without an example in  
story.

670 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians  
landed ;

Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the  
wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless,-hopeless, they wandered from  
city to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry South-  
ern savannas, —

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands 675  
where the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down  
to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of  
the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, de-  
spairing, heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a  
friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in 680  
the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited  
and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering  
all things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her ex-  
tended,

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with  
its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed 685  
and suffered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead  
and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach  
in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, im-  
perfect, unfinished ;

690 As if a morning of June, with all its music and  
sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly  
descended

Into the east again, from whence it late had  
arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the  
fever within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst  
of the spirit,

695 She would commence again her endless search and  
endeavor ;

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on  
the crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-  
haps in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate  
whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her 700  
forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her  
beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for-  
gotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse !” they said ; “Oh, yes ! we  
have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have  
gone to the prairies ;

Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters 705  
and trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse !” said others ; “Oh, yes !  
we have seen him.

He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisi-  
ana.”

Then would they say, “Dear child ! why dream  
and wait for him longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ?  
others

710 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as  
loyal ?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who  
has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand  
and be happy !

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's  
tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but  
sadly, "I cannot !

715 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand,  
and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and  
illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden  
in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father con-  
fessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus  
speaketh within thee !

720 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted ;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,  
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy  
work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance <sup>725</sup> is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the  
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered  
more worthy of heaven ! ”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline  
labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the  
ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that <sup>730</sup>  
whispered, “ Despair not ! ”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns  
of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer’s  
footsteps ; —

Not through each devious path, each changeful  
year of existence ;

735 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course  
through the valley :

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam  
of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at inter-  
vals only ;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan  
glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continu-  
ous murmur ;

740 Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches  
an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the  
Beautiful River,

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the  
Wabash,

Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Miss-  
issippi,

Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Aca-  
dian boatmen.

It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from 745  
the shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-  
gether,

Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a com-  
mon misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope  
or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-  
acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair 750  
Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the  
Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness  
sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent  
river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped  
on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, 755  
where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they  
swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery  
sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves  
of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of  
pelicans waded.

130 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of  
the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant  
gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins  
and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns  
perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of  
orange and citron,

765 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the  
eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course ; and, enter-  
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious  
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every  
direction.

Over their heads the towered and tenebrous  
boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid- 770  
air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of  
ancient cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save  
by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning  
at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with de-  
moniac laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed 775  
on the water,  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-  
taining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as  
through chinks in a ruin.  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all  
things around them;  
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of won-  
der and sadness,—  
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot 780  
be compassed.

As, the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the  
prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrink-  
ing mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings  
of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of  
doom has attained it.

785 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,  
that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on  
through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the  
shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wan-  
dered before her, .

And every stroke of the oar now brought him  
nearer and nearer.

790 Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose  
one of the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-  
venture

Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew  
a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
leafy the blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to  
the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just 795  
stirred to the music.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-  
tance,

Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant  
branches ;

But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the  
darkness ;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of  
pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed 800  
through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian  
boat-songs,

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian  
rivers,

While through the night were heard the mysterious  
sounds of the desert,

Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the  
forest,

- 805 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar  
of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the  
shades ; and before them  
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafa-  
laya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undu-  
lations  
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in  
beauty, the lotus

- 810 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the  
boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of mag-  
nolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon ; and numberless  
sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming  
hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to  
slumber.

- 815 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were  
suspended.

Under the bows of Wachita willows, that grew by  
the margin,

Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about  
on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary trav-  
ellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a  
cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower 820  
and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of  
Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending,  
descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from  
blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slum-  
bered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of 825  
an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions  
celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless  
islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the  
water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters  
and trappers.

- 830 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the  
bison and beaver,

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance  
thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,  
and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly  
written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy  
and restless,

- 835 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and  
of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of  
the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of  
palmettos ;

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay con-  
cealed in the willows ;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-  
seen, were the sleepers ;

- 840 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum-  
bering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud  
on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had  
died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and  
the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father  
Felician !

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel 845  
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague supersti-  
tion ?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to  
my spirit ?"

Then, with a blush, she added, " Alas for my cred-  
ulous fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no  
meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled 850  
as he answered, —

" Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they  
to me without meaning,

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats  
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

855 Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;

860 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er 865  
the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and  
forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and  
mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of  
silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the  
motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible 870  
sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains  
of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and  
waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-  
bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er  
the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of deliri- 875  
ous music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then  
soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of fren-  
zied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low  
lamentation ;

38) Till, having gathered them all, he flung them  
abroad in derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through  
the tree-tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower  
on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that  
throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows  
through the green Opelousas,

385 And, through the amber air, above the crest of  
the woodland,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neigh-  
boring dwelling ; —

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant low-  
ing of cattle.

## III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by  
oaks from whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe  
flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets 800  
at Yule-tide,  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herds-  
man. A garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant  
blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself  
was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted  
together.  
Large and low was the roof; and on slender col- 895  
umns supported,  
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spa-  
cious veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, ex-  
tended around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the  
garden,

- Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
- 900 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
- Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
- 905 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
- 910 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf  
of the prairie,  
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and  
stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of  
deerskin.  
Broad and brown was the face that from under  
the Spanish sombrero  
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look 915  
of its master.  
Round about him were numberless herds of kine  
that were grazing  
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory  
freshness  
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over  
the landscape.  
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and  
expanding  
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that 920  
resounded  
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp  
air of the evening.  
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of  
the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents  
of ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed  
o'er the prairie,

925 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in  
the distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house,  
through the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden  
advancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-  
ment, and forward

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of  
wonder;

930 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil  
the blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to  
the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question  
and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their  
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent  
and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark 935  
doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat  
embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the  
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's  
boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a  
shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a trem- 940  
ulous accent,

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her  
face on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she  
wept and lamented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew  
blithe as he said it,—

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he  
departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds 945  
and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,  
his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,

950 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.

955 Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning,

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael 960  
the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

“ Long live Michael,” they cried, “ our brave Aca-  
dian minstrel ! ”

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; 965  
and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greet-  
ing the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,  
enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and  
gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers  
and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci- 970  
devant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal  
demeanor ;  
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil  
and the climate,  
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were  
his who would take them ;  
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would  
go and do likewise.

975 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the  
breezy veranda,  
Entered the hall of the house, where already the  
supper of Basil  
Waited his late return ; and they rested and  
feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness de-  
scended.

All was silent without, and, illumining the landscape  
with silver,  
980 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ;  
but within doors,  
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in  
the glimmering lamplight.  
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the  
table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in  
endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Nat-  
chitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and 985  
smiled as they listened : —

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have  
been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better per-  
chance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like  
the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the  
farmer ;

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, 990  
as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blos-  
som ; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian  
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-  
claimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and  
forests of timber

995 With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed  
into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are  
yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away  
from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing  
your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud  
from his nostrils,

1000 While his huge, brown hand came thundering down  
on the table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician,  
astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way  
to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were  
milder and gayer:—

" Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of  
the fever !

1005 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian cli-  
mate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck  
in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and  
footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy  
veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian  
planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil 1010  
the herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and  
neighbors :

Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who  
before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to  
each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country  
together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro- 1015 .  
ceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious  
fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children  
delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves  
to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed  
to the music,  
1020 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of  
fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the  
priest and the herdsman  
Sat, conversing together of past and present and  
future ;  
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for  
within her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the  
music  
1025 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness  
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth  
into the garden.  
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall  
of the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
On the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,  
1030 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened  
and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
of the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the 1035  
magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable  
longings,

As, through the garden gate, and beneath the  
shade of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the  
measureless prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-  
flies

Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infi- 1040  
nite numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in  
the heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to mar-  
vel and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls  
of that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,  
“Upharsin.”

1045 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and  
the fire-flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, “O Gabriel ! O my  
beloved !

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot be-  
hold thee ?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does  
not reach me ?

Ah ! how often thy feet have trod this path to the  
prairie !

1050 Ah ! how often thine eyes have looked on the  
woodlands around me !

Ah ! how often beneath this oak, returning from  
labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me  
in thy slumbers !

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded  
about thee ? ”

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-  
will sounded

Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through the 1055  
neighboring thickets,  
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped  
into silence.

“ Patience ! ” whispered the oaks from oracular  
caverns of darkness ;  
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,  
“ To-morrow ! ”

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the  
flowers of the garden  
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and 1060  
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their  
vases of crystal.

“ Farewell ! ” said the priest, as he stood at the  
shadowy threshold ;

“ See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his  
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the  
bridegroom was coming.”

“ Farewell ! ” answered the maiden, and, smiling, 1065  
with Basil descended  
Down to the river’s brink, where the boatmen al-  
ready were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and  
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was  
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the  
desert.

1070 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that  
succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or  
river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but  
vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild  
and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of  
Adayes,

1075 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from  
the garrulous landlord

That on the day before, with horses and guides  
and companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the  
prairies.

## IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where  
the mountains . . .

Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and  
luminous summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the 1080  
gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-  
grant's wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway  
and Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-  
river Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps  
the Nebraska ;

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the 1085  
Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the  
wind of the desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend  
to the ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn  
vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,  
beautiful prairies,

1090 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and  
sunshine, . . . .

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple  
amorphas.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the  
elk and the roebuck;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of  
riderless horses;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are  
weary with travel;

1095 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's  
children,

Staining the desert with blood; and above their  
terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the  
vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered  
in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heav-  
ens.

1100 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of  
these savage marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of  
    swift-running rivers ;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk  
    of the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots  
    by the brook-side,  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
    heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above <sup>1105</sup> them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the  
    Ozark Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers  
    behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden  
    and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to  
    o'ertake him.  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the <sup>1110</sup> smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ;  
    but at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found only  
    embers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and  
their bodies were weary,

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata  
Morgana

1115 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and  
vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there  
silently entered

Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose  
features

Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great  
as her sorrow.

She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her  
people,

1120 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Ca-  
manches,

Where her Canadian husband, a *courieur-des-bois*,  
had been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warm-  
est and friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on  
the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all 1125  
his companions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of  
the deer and the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept  
where the quivering fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and  
repeated

Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her 1130  
Indian accent,

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and  
pains, and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know  
that another

Hapless heart like her own had loved and had  
been disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and  
woman's compassion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suf- 1135  
fered was near her,

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she  
had ended

Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious  
horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated  
the tale of the Mowis ;

1140 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and  
wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed  
from the wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the  
sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed  
far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like  
a weird incantation,

1145 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was  
wooed by a phantom,

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in  
the hush of the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered  
love to the maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume  
through the forest,

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by  
her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange- 1150  
line listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the re-  
gion around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy  
guest the enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the  
moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
splendor  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and 1155  
filling the woodland.  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and  
the branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's  
heart, but a secret,  
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite  
terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest 1160  
of the swallow.  
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region  
of spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt  
for a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing  
a phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the  
phantom had vanished.

1165 Early upon the morrow the march was resumed,  
and the Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along, — “ On the western  
slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of  
the Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of  
Mary and Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with  
pain, as they hear him.”

1170 Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evange-  
line answered,

“ Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings  
await us ! ”

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a  
spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur  
of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of  
a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the <sup>1175</sup> Jesuit Mission.  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of  
the village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A  
crucifix fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed  
by grapevines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude  
kneeling beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the <sup>1180</sup> intricate arches  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their ves-  
pers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs  
of the branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer  
approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the even-  
ing devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the benedic- <sup>1185</sup> tion had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from  
the hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the stran-  
gers, and bade them

Welcome ; and when they replied, he smiled with  
benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue  
in the forest,

1190 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into  
his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on  
cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-  
gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told ; and the priest with  
solemnity answered : —

“ Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,  
seated

1195 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-  
poses,

Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and con-  
tinued his journey ! ”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with  
an accent of kindness ;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter  
the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have  
departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the 1200  
priest; "but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the  
Mission."

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and  
submissive,

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and  
afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes  
on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides 1205  
and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed  
at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each  
other,—

Days and weeks and months; and the fields of  
maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came,  
now waving about her,

1210 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing,  
and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-  
laged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,  
and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened  
a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief  
in the corn-field.

1215 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not  
her lover.

“ Patience ! ” the priest would say ; “ have faith,  
and thy prayer will be answered !

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from  
the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true  
as the magnet ;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God  
has planted

1220 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s  
journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the  
desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms  
of passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller  
of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their  
odor is deadly.  
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and 1225  
hereafter  
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with  
the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter  
— yet Gabriel came not;  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of  
the robin and bluebird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel  
came not.  
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor 1230  
was wafted  
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blos-  
som.  
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan  
forests,  
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw  
River.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes  
of St. Lawrence,

1235 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the  
Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous  
marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Mich-  
igan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen  
to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in  
seasons and places

1240 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
maiden ; —

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian  
Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of  
the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous  
cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unre-  
membered.

1245 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the  
long journey ;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly 1250 horizon,

As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the 1255 emblem of beauty,

And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose  
haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline  
landed, an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and  
a country.

1260 There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he  
departed,

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-  
scendants.

Something at least there was in the friendly streets  
of the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her  
no longer a stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou  
of the Quakers,

1265 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian coun-  
try,

Where all men were equal, and all were brothers  
and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-  
deavor,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, un-  
complaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the 1270 morning

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,

Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and 1275 fair in the distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.

Over him years had no power; he was not changed, 1280 but transfigured;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and  
not absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to  
others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had  
taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous  
spices,

1285 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air  
with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to  
follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of  
her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;  
frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of  
the city,

1290 Where distress and want concealed themselves  
from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished  
neglected.

Night after night when the world was asleep, as  
the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well  
in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of  
her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow 1295  
through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and  
fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from  
its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on  
the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks  
of wild pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in 1300  
their crows but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of  
September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a  
lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural  
margin,

Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of ex-  
istence.

1305 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm,  
the oppressor;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
anger; —

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor  
attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the  
homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of  
meadows and woodlands;

1310 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gate-  
way and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls  
seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord: — “The poor ye  
always have with you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of  
Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to  
behold there

1315 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
splendor,

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints  
and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,

Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, 1320  
deserted and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,

That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, 1325  
cooled by the east-wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour  
on her spirit;

1330 Something within her said, "At length thy trials  
are ended ; "

And, with light in her looks, she entered the  
chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful  
attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,  
and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and conceal-  
ing their faces,

1335 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow  
by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline  
entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she  
passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the  
walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,  
the consoler,

1340 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed  
it forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time ;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets 1345 dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that 1350 shaded his temples ;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who  
are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of  
the fever,

1355 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-  
sprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and  
pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit  
exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths  
in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking  
and sinking.

1360 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied  
reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush  
that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and  
saint-like,

“ Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into  
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home  
of his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
1365

Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking  
under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in  
his vision.

Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted  
his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt  
by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the 1370  
accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what  
his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling  
beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her  
bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly  
sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at 1375  
a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and  
the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

1380 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,  
“ Father, I thank thee ! ”

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Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.

1385 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have  
ceased from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-  
pleted their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the 1390  
shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and  
language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from  
exile

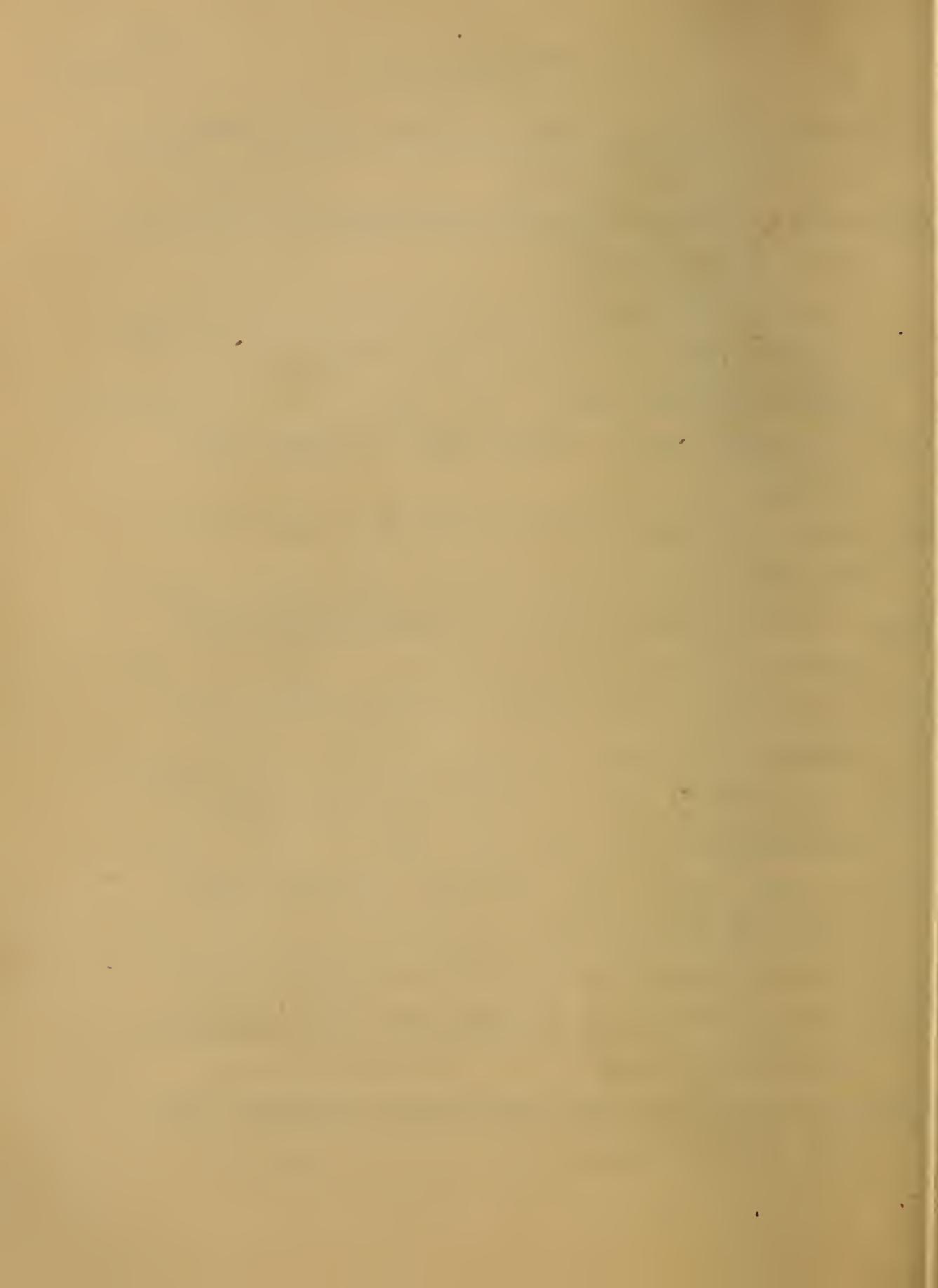
Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are 1395  
still busy ;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their  
kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,  
neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.



## NOTES.

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THE first nineteen lines form a setting to the poem. The opening stanza gives a mournful background of nature; the second stanza, by means of skilful interrogation and answer, and by appropriate figures, tells the fate of the Acadians; while the concluding stanza states the theme of the poem, "A Tale of Love in Acadie," and the author's point of view, "The beauty and strength of woman's devotion."

LINE 1. **Primeval.** Belonging to the first ages. Literally, a forest which has never been cut.

3. **Druuids of eld.** Druids of old. The Druids were the priests of Ancient Gaul and Britain. The pines resemble the Druids in their voices ; the harpers, in their appearance.

### PART FIRST.

#### CANTO I.

20. **Basin of Minas.** A bay upon the northern coast of Nova Scotia, opening into the Bay of Fundy. At the left of the Basin is Cape Blomidon.

34. **Normandy.** The original Acadians came from Normandy between 1633 and 1638.

39. **Kirtle.** A kirtle is a jacket with a skirt attached.

Rowena, in *Ivanhoe*, wears "an undergown and kirtle of pale green silk."

40. **Distaff.** A staff for holding the flax from which the thread is drawn in hand spinning. A **loom** is a machine used in weaving cloth; and a **shuttle** is an instrument which passes the thread from side to side of the cloth, between the threads which run lengthwise to the loom.

49. **Angelus.** A bell rung morning, noon, and night, to bid Roman Catholics recite a prayer commemorating the message of the Angel of the Lord to the Virgin Mary. It would add to the interest of the lesson could the teacher show the class any one of the noted pictures of the Annunciation, and the picture of the Angelus by Millet.

72. **Hyssop.** The twigs of this plant were used to sprinkle the congregation in the Mosaic ceremony of purification.

74. **Chaplet of beads.** A string of beads for enumerating prayers; a rosary. **Missal.** A book containing the service of the Mass.

94. **Seraglio.** Primarily, that part of the house to which the Turks restrict women; secondarily, the women themselves.

95. **Strutted.** Notice the good use of specific verbs in Longfellow's descriptions. The turkey struts, not walks. The barns are bursting, not simply full. The doves murmur, the weathercocks rattle. Such specific verbs give life to the picture. **Cock.** An allusion to the crowing of the cock directly after Peter's thrice-repeated denial of Jesus. *Matthew xxvi.* 69-75.

118. **Craft of the smith.** In classic mythology Hephaestus and Vulcan were honored because they made the armor of the gods. In mediæval times the smith was respected on account of his service to men of war, as, for example, Harry of the Wynd in the *Fair Maid of Perth*.

In connection with this description of Basil and his shop, it would be well to read the *Village Blacksmith*. This poem, published in 1841, was a great favorite; and when in 1876 the chestnut-tree, under which the smithy once stood, was cut down, the children of Cambridge had a chair made of the wood, and presented it to Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday. The following year, in his last volume, *Ultimæ Thule*, Longfellow replied to the children in the poem *From My Arm-Chair*.

122. **Plain-song.** A chant used in church service, with tones unvaried and of equal length.

137. **Wondrous stone.** A French story of a stone with which the mother swallow is able to restore the sight of her blind fledglings.

144. **Saint Eulalie.** A saint of the Roman Catholic Church. According to the French proverb, if the sun shines upon her day (February 12th), there will be apples and cider in abundance.

This canto is the introduction to the story. Its arrangement is both simple and skilful. After treating of Grand-Pré, with its pleasant situation and contented people, it passes on to a general description of the Bellefontaines, father and daughter. The third stanza pictures their home, and the fourth describes Evangeline at greater length and in connection with Gabriel.

## CANTO II.

149. **Scorpion.** The eighth constellation of the zodiac, or imaginary belt on the heavens, through which the sun appears to move. The sun seems to enter the Scorpion about October 23d.

153. **Jacob.** *Genesis xxxii. 24.*

159. **Summer of All-Saints.** All-Saints Day is November 1st.

170. **The Persian.** Xerxes is said to have hung golden ornaments upon a plane-tree, a species of sycamore much admired by the ancients. This is the first purely literary reference in the poem. Is it helpful? The object of comparing one thing with another is to make the first one clearer, more evident. Do the trees glitter more brightly in our eyes because they "flashed like the plane-tree"? An excellent statement of the use of figures may be found in *English Composition*, Chapter VII., by Barrett Wendell.

176. **Bearing the bell.** It is customary to tie a bell to one cow, in order that the herd may be traced in case it wanders from the pasture.

Notice the specific features which form this picture,—the heifer, the important watch-dog, the wains, the milkmaids; all the noisy life of the farmyard, followed by silence.

217. **Clock clicked.** The representation in words of the sound is common in *Evangeline*. For example, line 165, "whir of wings," and line 420, "with summons sonorous sounded the bell."

226. **Art thou.** The Acadians, according to the French custom, use the second person singular in addressing friends.

238. **Gaspereau.** A river flowing into the Basin of Minas to the west and north of Grand-Pré.

239. **All are commanded.** “We therefore order and strictly enjoin all the inhabitants, both old men and young men as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church of Grand-Pré, on Friday, the 5th instant, at three o’clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them : declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels in default of real estate.” This proclamation was issued September 2d, by Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow.

240. **His Majesty.** George II., 1727–1760.

242. **Many surmises of evil.** “The proclamation should be so ambiguous that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned ; and so peremptory in its terms as to ensure implicit obedience.” — *Haliburton.*

249. **Louisburg** on Cape Breton, **Beau Séjour** on the neck of land connecting Acadia with the mainland, and **Port Royal** at the outlet of the Annapolis River, had all been taken from the French by the English. It was in Beau Séjour, captured June 12th, 1755, that three hundred Acadians were found among the French troops.

259. The marriage contract is a legal document, drawn by a notary, the authorized officer, in which the amount of property of the contracting persons is stated, and specifications are made as to its use and descent. It is further described in lines 333–337.

260. **Built are the house and the barn.** “As soon as a young man arrived to the proper age the community built him

a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelve-month." — *Haliburton*.

State the theme of each stanza and of the canto as a whole.

### CANTO III.

272. **Supernal.** More than human.

274. **Heard his watch tick.** A good description because natural.

275. **Times of the war.** The petition which the Acadians sent to George II. contains this sentence : "After the settlement of Halifax (1749) René Leblanc was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in your Majesty's service; his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty after four years' captivity."

280. **Loup-garou.** A were-wolf. A human being with power to transform himself into a wolf. **A goblin** was a kindly spirit especially fond of horses. **Létiche** was the spirit of a child who, dying unchristened, was doomed to wander at night in the shape of a small white animal.

284. **The oxen talked.** An old belief among the Continental peasantry that upon Christmas Eve the birds and animals talk, and worship the infant Saviour. Reference is made to the belief in Hamlet :

" Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long."

302. **A story.** An old Florentine story. Why does Longfellow introduce this story ? What similarity is there between the fate of the orphan girl and that of the Acadians ?

326. **Silenced.** Basil wanted justice from men and in this world. In this conversation in regard to the English, Benedict laughs away the idea of impending trouble and René Leblanc reassures himself with a tale of future justice. Thus the coming disaster is simply foreshadowed. It is led up to, and yet it comes as a surprise in Canto IV.

344. **Draught-board.** Checker-board.

352. **Blossomed the stars.** In an earlier poem Longfellow wrote of the —

“ flowers so blue and golden  
Stars, that in earth’s firmament do shine.”

In line 352 he reverses the figure and in so doing belittles “the infinite meadows of heaven,” “the stars,” and “the angels.” It must have been to such lines that Mr. Stedman referred when he wrote, “There are flaws, and petty fancies, and homely passages in *Evangeline*. ”

354. **Curfew.**

“ Cover the embers,  
And put out the light ;  
Toil comes with the morning  
And rest with the night.”

Longfellow’s poem, *The Curfew*.

“ The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.”

Gray.

381. **Hagar.** Hagar, with her son Ishmael, was driven out of Abraham’s tent. — *Genesis* xxi. 12, 21. It is not probable that she went forth in serenity or in beauty. Compare with these lines the following verses descriptive of a similar scene :

“ To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been lead astray  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;  
 And oft as if her head she bow'd  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

*Milton.*

" The moving moon went up the sky  
 And nowhere did abide,  
 Softly she was going up  
 And a star or two beside."

*Coleridge.*

Notice the figures of speech and the sources from which they are drawn. Select the best, and explain why they are the best. What is gained by the reference to Norman and Acadian superstition?

#### CANTO IV.

382. **Next morn.** September 5th.  
 388. **Came the peasants.** For what purposes ?  
 413. **Tous les Bourgeois.** The Citizens of Chartres and the Carillon of Dunkirk were popular songs. The words of the first are :—

You remember Cybele,  
 Wise the seasons to unfold ;  
 Very fair, said men, was she,  
 Even when her years grew old.

#### CHORUS.

A grandame, yet by goddess birth,  
 She kept sweet eyes, a color warm,  
 And held through everything a charm  
 Fast like the earth.

The words of the second are :—

Reckless and rash,  
 Take heed for the flash

Of mine anger, 'tis just  
To lay thee with its blows in the dust.  
— Your threat I defy.  
— What! You would be I !  
    Come, coward ! I'll show —  
    You tremble? No, no !  
— I'm choking with rage !  
— A fig for your rage !

This betrothal feast is entirely French. No such open-air rejoicing — of old and young, rich and poor, with eating, singing, and dancing — could have taken place among the English.

422. **Thronged was the church.** “In obedience to the summons four hundred and eighteen men assembled.” — *Hali-burton.*

430. **Their Commander.** Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow of Marshfield, Massachusetts, great grandson of Edward Winslow of Mayflower fame. Reference is made to Colonel Winslow and to the few Acadians who settled near Plymouth, by Jane G. Austin, in her book, *Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters: A Story of the Old Colony.*

432. **You are convened.** Colonel Winslow's speech was as follows : — “The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species ; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely ; that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown ; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province. Thus it is peremptorily his

Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed ; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all your goods be secured to you; and that you are not molested in carrying them off ; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit ; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honor to command." — *Hali-burton.*

Colonel Winslow's feeling in regard to his disagreeable duty may be of interest to the reader. In his diary he refers to the memorable 5th of September as, "a day of great fatigue and trouble." In one of his letters he writes, "This affair is more grievous to me than any service I was ever employed in," and in another, "I know they deserve all and more than they feel, yet it hurts me to hear them weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. I am in hopes our affairs will soon put on another face, and we get transports, and I rid of the worst piece of service that ever I was in."

442. **As, when the air.** An excellent figure descriptive of the effect of the announcement. Notice that the *sō* of line 447, gathers up all the particulars of the five preceding lines, and makes them describe the verb *descended*.

456. **Tyrants of England.** This was not an edict of George II. Lawrence, the governor of Nova Scotia, should have whatever credit may be derived from it.

466. **Tocsin.** An alarm bell.
476. "Father, forgive them." · *Luke xxiii. 34.*
484. **Ave Maria.** A prayer to the Virgin Mary.
486. **Elijah.** "Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." · *2 Kings ii. 11.*

498. **Ambrosial.** Ambrosia was the food of the gods, hence anything ambrosial should be heavenly or delicious.

501. **Charity.** Is this according to human nature? What qualities does Longfellow lose, and what does he gain, by endowing Evangeline with such virtue?

507. **Prophet.** Moses. *Exodus xxxiv. 29-35.*

513. **Grave of the living.** The church.

514. **Slowly.** Notice in the remaining lines of the canto the position of the adverbs, "slowly," "empty," "sadly," "loud," "keenly," and of the verbs, "smouldered" and "soothed." They are taken from their usual place and put first in the sentence. To the emphasis of position is added that of voice which would naturally fall upon them. It is evident that Longfellow wished to give them force and prominence.

518. **In the dead of night.** This line suggests Tennyson's  
"In the dead unhappy night when the rain is on the roof."

Within what period of time do the events of this canto take place? Point out the contrasts in the section. Notice Longfellow's use of historical material.

#### CANTO V.

524. **Fifth day.** September 10th.
546. **Foremost the young men.** "The young men were

ordered to go first on board the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents ; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children ; who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings ; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of horror and distress." — *Haliburton*.

575. **Refluent ocean fled away.** Repetition of ideas.

579. **Leaguer.** The camp of a besieging force.

587. **Lowing they waited.** "For several successive evenings the cattle assembled around the smouldering ruins." — *Haliburton*.

591. **But on the shores.** Contrast this with the peaceful evening scenes in Grand-Pré and in Evangeline's home, described in Cantos II. and III.

597. **Paul.** A reference to Paul's ministrations to the inhabitants of Melita during the three months of his shipwreck.

605. "**Benedicite!**" Ben-e-dis'-i-te ! An invocation of a blessing — a benediction.

608. **Awful.** Notice the correct use of this word. The misery is so great as to fill the priest with awe.

615. **Titan-like.** The Titans were giants who made war upon the gods.

621. **Gleeds.** Hot, burning coals. "In the district of Minas alone there were destroyed two hundred and fifty-five homes, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five out-houses, eleven mills, and one church." — *Haliburton*. The village was destroyed for the most part between September 5th and 10th. Why does Longfellow change the date? Notice the skill of the description. First the account of the fire, made more vivid by the figures of speech; then its effect upon the cattle, and lastly upon Benedict.

640. **Motionless lay his form.** In the original tale there is nothing said of Evangeline's father. Why is he introduced into the story? And why, having been introduced, is he killed?

657. **Without bell or book.** The bell was tolled to mark the passage of the soul to the other world. The book was the service-book.

659. **Lo! with a mournful sound.** Notice the metrical as well as the poetical beauty of the concluding lines.

Point out any particulars in which Longfellow varies from history, and give the reason for his so doing. Show how the misery in this section increases.

## PART SECOND.

### CANTO I.

673. **Friendless, homeless, hopeless.** Parallel construction is used frequently in *Evangeline*, often of a single word in one

verse, as in lines 689-727, and often of a phrase in succeeding verses, as in lines 674 and 675, and lines 753 and 754.

675. **Father of Waters.** The Mississippi.

676. **Drags them.** A reference to the delta at the mouth of the Mississippi, formed by the mud washed down by the current.

697. **Sat by some grave.** This line and the next are said to be the ones from which Faed took his conception of Evangeline. Faed was an English artist, and painted the face of Evangeline from that of a Manchester working-girl. His brother engraved the picture, and it became popular both in England and in the United States.

699. **Sometimes a rumor.** Notice the skill with which Longfellow leads up to the airy hand. A rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper, and last and most indefinite, an airy hand.

705. **Coureurs-des-bois.** French guides, who conducted the fur-traders through the woods and along the lakes.

707. **Voyageur.** A river boatman.

713. **St. Catherine.** A patron saint of virgins. Hence to braid St. Catherine's tresses is to devote oneself to a single life.

719. "**O daughter!**" The priest's words, together with Evangeline's counsel to Gabriel, in Canto V., Part First, and a few lines in Canto V., Part Second, express the moral lesson of the poem.

732. **Shards.** Broken pieces of rough substance.

733. **Muse.** One of the nine goddesses who presided over poetry and song.

735. **But as a traveller.** By means of this excellent figure Longfellow states his plan for the rest of the poem.

This canto is an introduction to Part Second. It bridges the interval between Parts First and Second, gives a general account of Evangeline's life, states the moral which Longfellow derives from it, and points out the plan for the remainder of the poem.

## CANTO II.

741. **Beautiful River.** The signification of the Indian name Ohio.

749. **Kith.** An obsolete term, used only in connection with kin.

750. **Acadian coast.** In the early months of 1765 more than six hundred Acadians, attracted by the French population of Louisiana, came to New Orleans. At first they found settlements at Attakapas and Opelousas, and later they extended their colonies along both sides of the Mississippi as far as Baton Rouge. Hence that part of the river-bank was often called the Acadian coast.

751. **Father Felician.** It would seem from this that Evangeline and the priest had not been separated.

753. **Adown.** Such archaic forms, adown, anon, oft, olden, eld, are used infrequently by Longfellow, and usually for metrical reasons.

764. **Golden coast.** Southern Louisiana, but above Baton Rouge.

766. **Plaquemine.** A creek running westward from the Mississippi, about a hundred and ten miles north of New Orleans.

769. **Over their heads.** The remaining lines of the stanza are particularly noticeable. Read them aloud and observe their melody. Notice the perfection of the description, the choice in details, the adjectives, the specific verbs, and last, as a finishing touch, the effect of this sombre beauty on the spirits of the voyagers.

774. **Owl.**

“Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl doth to the moon complain.”

*Gray.*

782. **Mimosa.** The sensitive plant.

821. **Ladder of Jacob.** *Genesis xxviii. 12.*

846. **Idle.** The original meaning is useless, vain, silly.

“Tears, idle tears,  
I know not what they mean.”

*Tennyson.*

856. **Têche.** A creek flowing out of the Atchafalaya to the south and west.

878. **Bacchantes.** Worshippers of Bacchus who work themselves into a frenzy at the festivals of the god.

State the course of the travellers, the season of the year, and the time occupied in the journey. This canto is usually described as a series of pictures. How many pictures should you make of it? Point out the details of the different pictures. What gives them human interest? Is there any appeal to any other sense than that of sight? Is there anything in the canto which could not have been obtained from books? In what does Longfellow's ability in writing it consist? It is suggested in connection with this canto that the teacher read to the class

Tennyson's description of the land where it is always afternoon, in the *Lotus Eaters*.

## CANTO III.

889. **Mystic mistletoe.** When the Druids found mistletoe upon their sacred tree, the oak, they thought it a gift of the gods, and cut it down from the tree with great ceremony. A white-robed priest severed it with a golden sickle. A second priest standing below received it in the folds of his white robe. Two white bulls were then sacrificed and sometimes children. Because of these pagan rites the mistletoe was debarred from English church decorations for centuries, and was scarcely mentioned in verse until the time of Herrick.

890. **Yule-tide.** Christmas time.

914. **Sombrero.** A large soft felt hat.

952. **Adayes.** A town in northern Texas.

953. **Ozark Mountains.** These are ridges of southern Missouri that extend into Arkansas and Indian Territory.

956. **Fates.** The three Fates were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. One held the distaff, another spun the thread of life, and the third cut it. Basil must have used the term in its general sense, circumstances.

960. **Michael.** He had evidently gone down to the boat to welcome the other Acadians.

961. **Olympus.** The mountain on which the gods lived.

968. **Gossips.** Originally a god-father or -mother, hence a companion, an intimate friend.

970. **Ci-devant.** The French for former. Why not use former?

984. **Natchitoches.** A town on the Red River.
1009. **Creoles.** Natives of Louisiana and the West Indies, whose descent is partly European,—either Spanish or French.
1033. **Carthusian.** The Carthusians are an exceedingly austere order of monks, who vow almost perpetual silence, and who talk together but once a week.
- 1041–44. **Over her head.** These four lines seem to mean that man no longer admires those works of God to which he is accustomed, but worships those only which are seldom seen. He worships only when a comet appears blazing in the firmament like a hand writing on the heavens “Upharsin.” The last line refers directly to the incident related in the Book of Daniel, v. 5–30.
1063. **Prodigal son.** *Luke xv. 11–32.*
1064. **Foolish virgin.** *Matthew xxv. 1–13.*
- Is there any true likeness between Mary Magdalene bathing the feet of Christ, and the flowers exhaling dew beneath the rays of the sun?
- CANTO IV.**
1078. The description given in the first stanza is exceedingly vague. The land could be anywhere east of Utah and New Mexico, and south of Colorado and Nebraska.
1095. **Ishmael’s children.** The American Indians, so called because they were driven from their own land and were wanderers.
1102. **Anchorite monk.** One who renounces the world and secludes himself, usually for religious reasons.
1114. **Fata Morgana.** The Italian name for an optical

delusion supposed to be wrought by the fairy Morgana, and consisting in the appearance of lakes and trees in the midst of a desert country. This optical phenomenon is common in the southwestern portions of the United States. Longfellow expressed it in detail in his poem, *Fata Morgana*:

“As the weary traveller sees  
In desert or prairie vast,  
Blue lakes, o'erhung with trees,  
That a pleasant shadow cast.”

1139. **Mowis, Lilinau.** Why are these stories introduced? Compare them, in their object, with René Leblanc's story in Part First.

1156. **Delicious sound.**

“Like to the sound of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June.”

*Coleridge.*

1167. **Mission.** The Jesuit priests from France made every effort to Christianize the Indians.

1206. **Basil returned.** Observe how the characters are gradually disposed of. Benedict dies, Father Felician remains in Louisiana, Basil goes home, and Evangeline is left alone.

1207. **Slowly.** Longfellow wished to emphasize the period of suspense and waiting. He does it by repeating the adverb, by dividing the time into days, and weeks, and months, and by indicating the change of season.

1213. **Blood-red ear.** “A red ear was typical of a brave admirer, and was regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. A crooked ear represented a thief stooping in the corn-field.”

“ And whene’er some lucky maiden  
 Found a red ear in the husking,  
 Found a maize-ear red as blood is,  
 ‘ Nushka ! ’ cried they all together,  
 ‘ Nushka ! You shall have a sweetheart,  
 You shall have a handsome husband ! ’ ”

. . . . .

“ And whene’er a youth or maiden  
 Found a crooked ear in husking,  
 Found a maize-ear in the husking  
 Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,  
 Then they laughed and sang together,  
 Crept and limped about the corn-fields,  
 Mimicked in their gait and gestures  
 Some old man, bent almost double,  
 Singing singly or together :  
 ‘ Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields !  
 Paimosaid who steals the maize-ear ! ’ ”

For further information about the Indian customs in regard to corn, see *Hiawatha*, Section XIII., “ Blessing the Corn-field.”

**1219. Compass-flower.** The edges of the lower leaves are said to point north and south. Longfellow first described the plant as “ delicate,” and “ on its fragile stalk.” After seeing one, he changed the adjective to “ vigorous,” and the phrase to “ in the houseless wild.”

**1226. Asphodel.** The flowers of the Elysian Fields, the Greek heaven. **Nepenthe.** Any potion that produces forgetfulness.

**1235. Evangeline went.** How long had she remained at the mission ?

It is sometimes well to observe what an author refrains from

saying. Longfellow restrained Father Felician from uttering words of consolation. Evangeline does not express her sorrow in words. What is gained, or what is lost, to the poem by this reserve?

1239. **Long years.** Longfellow nowhere states the exact number of years. Why, when he is so definite as to time in Part First, should he be so indefinite in Part Second?

1241. **Moravian Missions.** Those of the United Brethren who settled in various parts of the United States.

In Cantos III. and IV. notice in what ways the misery of Evangeline's search is increased and emphasized. She missed Gabriel at first by a few hours, then by a day, a week, and at last indefinitely. With each disappointment, the hope by which she has been upheld becomes less and less. The few words and tears to which she gives way in the beginning gradually cease, and she ends her search in silence.

\*

#### CANTO V.

1256. **Names of the trees.** Many of the streets of Philadelphia are named for trees, — Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, Pine, etc. The Dryads were wood-nymphs.

1258. **There.** Evangeline on leaving Acadia had been taken to Philadelphia.

1260. **René Leblanc.** In the petition sent to George II. by the Acadians of Philadelphia, René Leblanc is mentioned twice. The first reference has been given, Part First, Canto III. The second is as follows, "He was seized, confined, and brought away among the rest of the people, and his family, consisting of twenty children, and about a hundred and fifty

grandchildren, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and two youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died."

1288. **Sister of Mercy.** Read Longfellow's poem, *Santa Filomena*, commemorating the services of Florence Nightingale to the English soldiers in the Crimean war.

1292. **Watchman.** Before the days of police, watchmen patrolled the cities. They called the hour of the night and "All's well."

1298. **Pestilence.** In 1793 the yellow fever devastated Philadelphia. The incidents of the plague are made use of by Charles Brockden Brown in his novel *Arthur Mervyn*.

1308. **Almshouse.** Said to be the old Friends' almshouse on Walnut Street, now no longer standing.

1312. "The poor." — *Matthew xxvi. 11.*

1355. **Hebrew.** A reference to the sprinkling of blood upon the door by the Hebrews, in order that the angel of Death might pass over when he "smote all the first born in the land of Egypt." — *Exodus xii. 21-28.*

\* \* \* \*

The stanzas of the conclusion are modelled after those of the introduction. They give the fate of the Acadians, they strike the same minor key, and they make a similar use of nature as a background.

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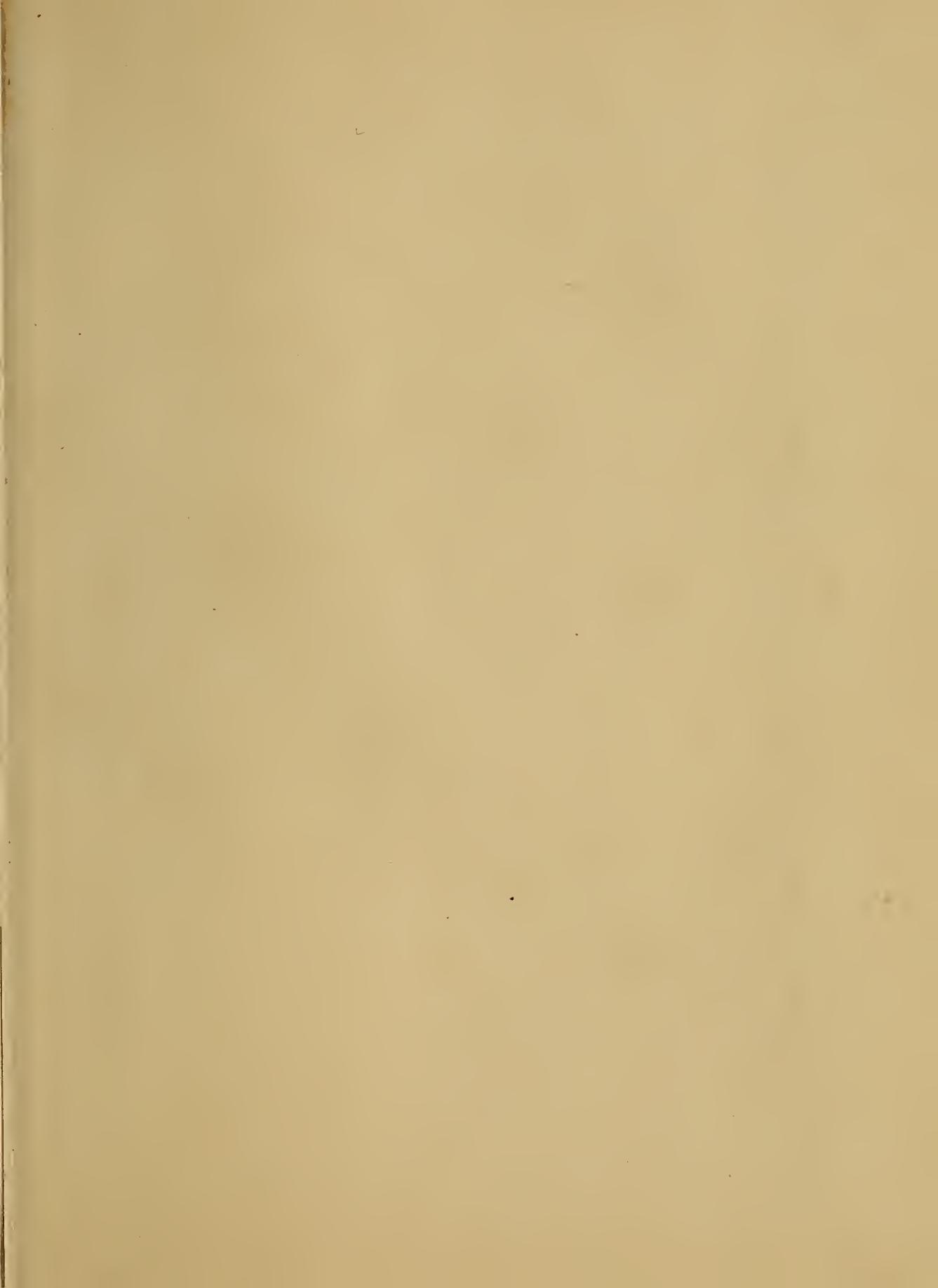
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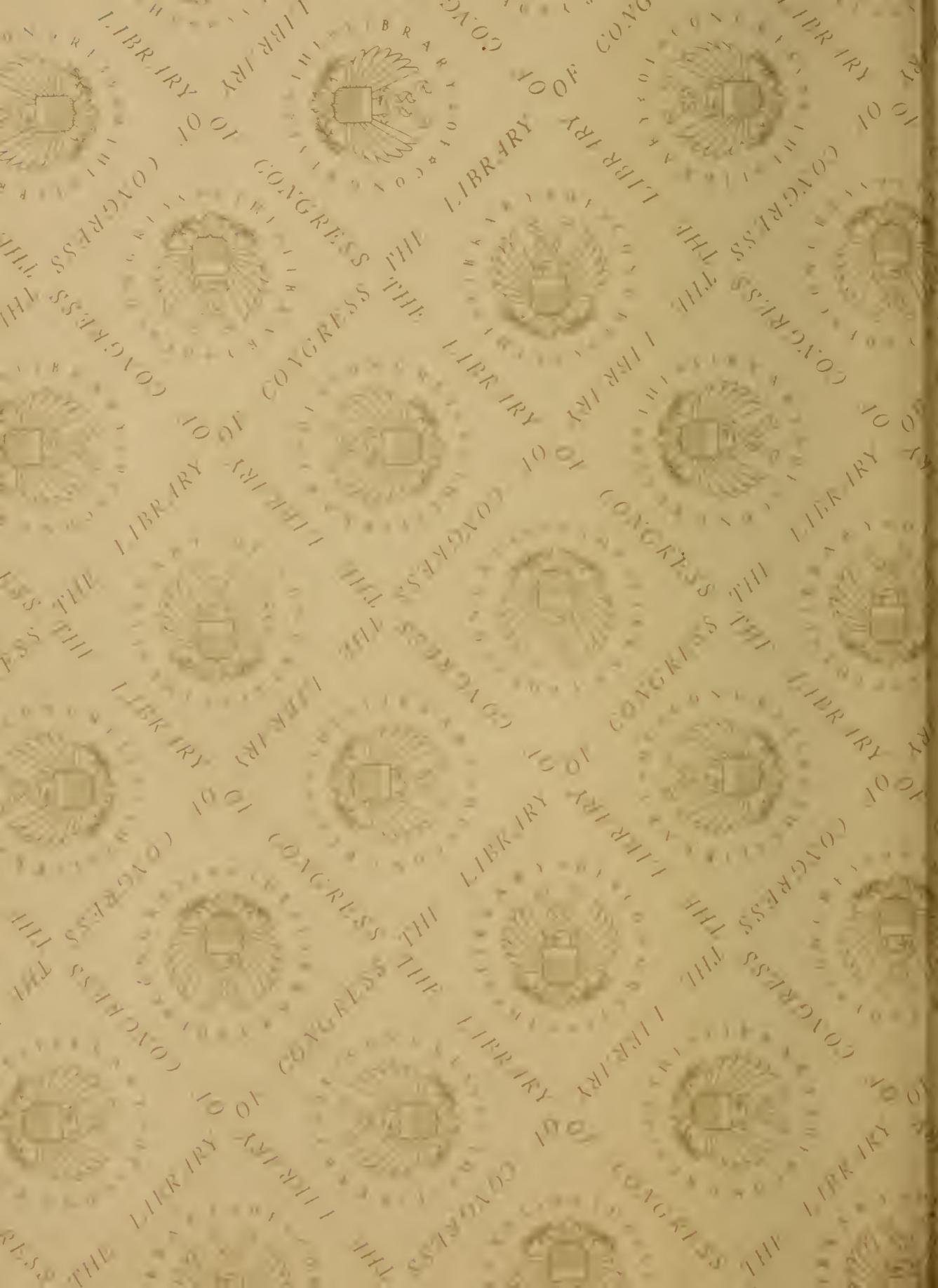
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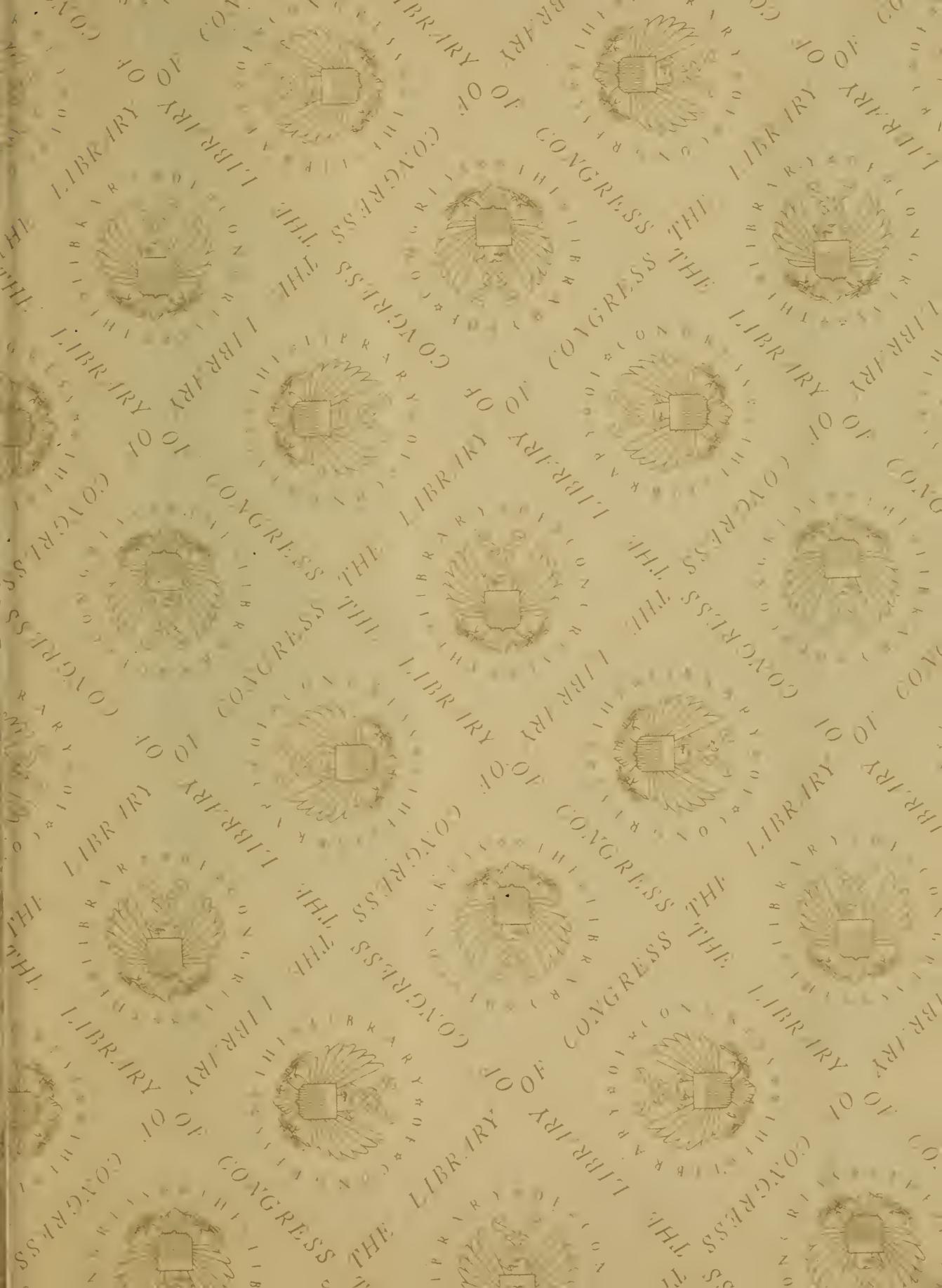
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